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The SILENT WORKER



EDWIN ALLAN HODGSON, M.A.
Dean of Deaf Journalists

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

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THE SILENT WORKER
TRENTON, N. J.

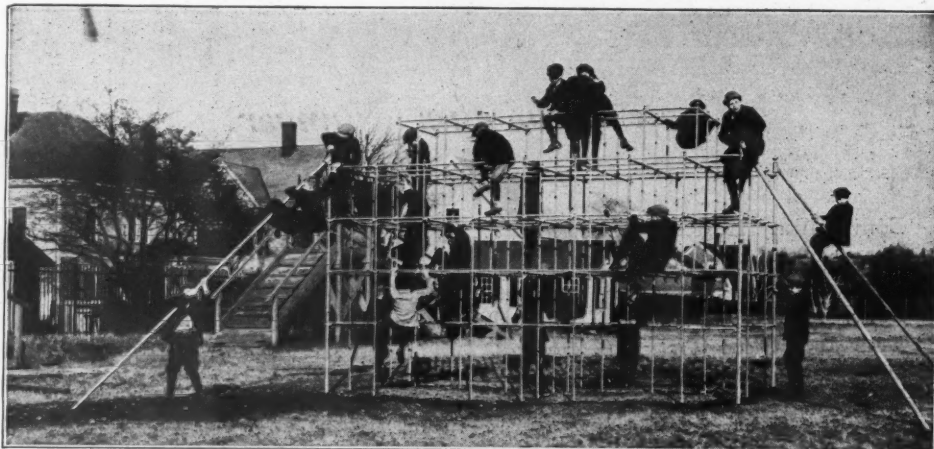


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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 37, No. 4

Trenton, N. J., January, 1925

25 cents the Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



DOUGLAS TILDEN

The Famous Deaf-Mute Sculptor of California

Bulbs, Buildings and Barges

Being the Story of a Trip to Holland

By SELWYN OXLEY

IT WAS a busy scene that we saw when we reached Liverpool Street, only just in time for the Hook of Holland Boat Express after one of our passports had been left behind and hurriedly retrieved. There were representatives of many nationalities to be seen on the platform. Our little party was soon complete—an old lady of 83, game as anyone, her cousin, her gardener, and the writer, and his father, the late Rev. W. H. Oxley, aged 75.

Once started we partook of a splendid meal and soon were on board the Hook of Holland steamer. The night being warm and our cabin poor, we decided to spend the time on

and thoroughly enjoyed them. One was in Danish and the other in Dutch, yet he does not know a single word of either. This he can prove in both cases, as at Copenhagen where he was told the text, he gave a surmise of his idea of the sermon to his Danish companion, who was amazed at his having understood so much. At Haarlem, the lady companion who knew the language, and was telling the points of the discourse at lunch, and he found they exactly corresponded with his own deductions. How this came about he is unable to say, but it certainly did.

After some very fine singing the collection was taken by specially selected sidesmen with long fishing-rod-like contri-



GRONINGEN DEAF SCHOOL



ST. MICHAEL'S GESTEL, DEAF SCHOOL, HOLLAND

deck, and very pleasant it was watching the lights of Harwich and the coast recede in the distance, to be replaced by the rapid passing of a Channel lightship every hour or so, a fact which brought home to our minds how much we owe to these brave lonely souls who, tossing to and fro in mid-ocean, warn the world's mariners of the dangers that lurk below the treacherously shallow surface of this shallowest of our seas.

All too soon it seemed that we were entering the Schelt, and were soon moored to the quay of the Hook of Holland. By 6.30 we were well on the way to Leyden Den Hague and Haarlem, our destination and center of activity. The flat fields were not unpleasing in the early morning light, being the more picturesque through the cattle to be seen grazing, in quaint little coats which seemed to keep them cosy and warm. Canals intersected the landscape in all directions, and once or twice one could just see over the great dykes that kept back the inroads of the sea, and could see ships sailing on a slightly higher level than our own.

Leyden and Delft were delightfully picturesque, and our two lady friends longed to get out their brushes so as to be able to sketch first this and then that quaint corner. But our train was fast, and before 8 we were sitting down to an excellent breakfast of assorted cheese and spiced bread, jam and coffee, a welcome after the night's travelling, and this just twelve hours from passing through our ever open front door in Royal Kensington.

Being Sunday, we determined to attend the parish church, where we heard a sermon of 1½ hours, by a very eloquent preacher. Concerning this a curious personal point may perhaps be mentioned—the writer does not know whether he has what may be termed the gift of tongues or not, but he does know that both in the Danish church at Copenhagen and on the present occasion, he perfectly understood both sermons

vances with a bag at the end. These were poked into each pew twice over, one lot we believe were black and the other white. This we gather was for a church expense offering, or a charitable donation to the selected appeal of the day. We were also much struck by the quaint kneelers, which were a kind of foot warmer with a place for a candle to be inserted. Another interesting feature was the superb organ, one of the finest in Europe. After service we listened to the lovely carillon bells playing a selection of hymns and chorales, each quarter of an hour, and made our way slowly back to our excellent hotel for lunch.

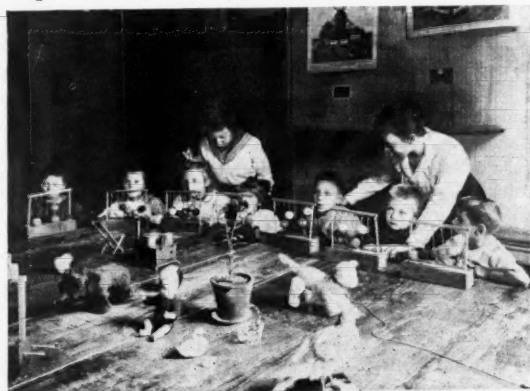
No sooner was this finished than Mr. John Telcamp, one of the great Dutch bulb growers, was announced. He had very kindly come to carry us all off in his car to see the tulips and other plants which were at their very best. On our way to the gardens, we saw numerous decorated cars and cycles, all resplendent in color scheme made up of tulip and hyacinth petals. Many of the people wore tulip chains, just as we in England wear daisy chains in our merry moments in the country. The country houses were very pleasing, and the Dutch styles of architecture were most picturesque.

The gardens themselves are quite one of the wonders of the world, and should be visited by all who can possibly manage to do so. The color schemes are beyond description, and one walks through field after field of tulips and other similar bulb flowers. Each field has row and row of red, blue, yellow, black or white flowers; between the fields wind canals with here and there an old world windmill to complete the perfect beauty of the scene; one of the very finest in the world.

As the flowers are used for fertilization, each petal has to be stripped by hand and these are used to a large extent for manure. Round Haarlem alone there must be many thousands of these Paradisaical regions, but we emphatically repeat go

and see for yourselves. It is a trip one will never forget. After a friendly cup of tea with Mr. Telcamp and his family, we saw his drying room at the despatch office, and were delighted with his excellent filing systems. Mr. Oxley, senior, was then asked to revise the forthcoming catalogue into colloquial English, which he did during the visit.

We continued our drive to the coast, where we ran some miles along a superb coast road above the dykes that extend from end to end of Holland, and about 6, we arrived back in



KINDERGARTEN—AMSTERDAM SCHOOL

time to write a few cards and dine. Monday we spent seeing Haarlem in the morning, and by going in the afternoon through more bulb country to Leyden, where we could study its quaint peeps of costume and canal with comfort, for an hour or so, and view its castle and other features of interest, returning to Haarlem in time for bed.

The next day we started on the second object of our trip, to study deaf work in this wonderful country. Everything in Holland is fairly close together, and it took us less than 30 minutes to reach Amsterdam by train and about 40 minutes by electric tram, and a bit longer by canal. The train service struck us as being as fine as any in Europe, and quite fast enough, in spite of the sandy nature of the country, which rather retards really fast running in many parts of the Netherlands. On arrival at Amsterdam, we took a circular tram and in course reached the Blind School, where we had a commission to carry out for a deaf-blind friend. We were impressed by the methods and models for teaching shorthand. After a short stay, we continued to what proved to be a special school for the hard of hearing who are taught on a quite different system to the deaf proper. This was one of the three, one being at the Hague and a third elsewhere.

We were then conducted by one of the pupils, after seeing some hearing tests, to the Deaf School proper, where we saw numerous photos, a most interesting lesson given on composition by means of colored chalks, and next surveyed the babies' class and saw these wee mites of two and three years old, attended by two nurse-teachers, fast asleep in their cots. We next saw the Headmaster and learnt that the school was seeing rough weather, in that it had been twice removed and was now in two separate parts of the city. Here we saw a very interesting wood-work class, and one teacher who had been to the recent English Deaf Teachers' course at Gorleston-on-Sea, gave us lunch and then took us through several little known bits of this city of diamonds and Jews, after which we returned by train to Haarlem and a quiet evening at the hotel.

The next day we set off for the Hague and saw Scheveningen and its quaint fisher-folk and its superb dykes, the moated Parliament House, the House in the Wood, etc., after which we took electric train to Rotterdam, where we looked up the cele-

brated Deaf School in Ammam Stradet, and met the aged Headmaster. The children being out, we noted the roof ventilation and the small classes and were given several books and photos; afterwards we went through the books and reflected on the wonderful tradition handed down to oralism throughout the world, United Kingdom, New Zealand and elsewhere, by those two great pioneers—Van Praag and Van Asche and his son-in-law Mr. Stevens, late Headmaster of Summer Deaf School, Christchurch, New Zealand, whom we recently met at "75" with his kindly wife. After seeing the docks and taking a circular tour we returned to Haarlem and so to bed.

The next day we crossed the Zuider Zee on a nice little boat, and after passing a quaint farm country with farms of very unusual design—all built in one long block—reached Groningen, and lost no time in going to call on Mr. Woltjer, the kindly headmaster of the far famed Deaf School. He most kindly put the library catalogue at our disposal for the night. By 8 A.M., we were at the school and saw the old-world courtyards, Jewish House, garden, tiled kitchen spotlessly clean, wash-houses, and last but not least the superb library of 17,000 volumes in four quaintly carved cupboard shelves, arranged according to subject, language and age, in classes thus:—Latin, French, German, English, etc., Medical, Educational, Historical, etc. Most of the books were superb bound.

Mr. and Mrs. Woltjer royally entertained us and we were loaded with gifts, and sent off to Utrecht where we spent Sunday. On the Saturday we went to Hertgoten-Bosch and took a taxi out to St. Michael Gestei, one of the finest Roman Catholic schools in Europe, rebuilt by the present priest-headmaster, who was made Monseigneur by the Pope in well-deserved recognition of his stupendous work. Here are electric laundries, home farms, printing shops, and everything is up-to-date as possible, all built around a huge square quadrangle, with boys on one side, the priests dwellings one side, the girls opposite the boys and the nuns opposite the priests. 250 children are housed and fed here, in addition many old pupils wait on the present ones and work on the home farm, and do special sacramental church work for the nuns in a special bakery provided for this great but little known work of the Church.

After returning to the town we visited the magnificent but little known cathedral, and returned to Utrecht and picked up our friends. On the Monday, we visited the small but very picturesque Effeta Lutheran School at Dordrecht, a most quaint and pleasing old-world Dutch town. This completed our survey of all the Dutch Deaf Schools, and we returned home by Belgium, seeing one school run by Roman Catholic nuns at Namour, which is partly a mental hospital, which is not generally all to the good. This we saw under the guidance of the Rev. Mother who said that we were almost the first English to visit it. The next day we took an auto excursion to the wonderful grottoes of Hans, and returned by Ostend to Dover after a very rough passage, just being too late for an important Deaf Teachers' Annual Meeting.

This little tour had a pleasing sequel a few months later, for in July the writer was asked to visit the Dutch Teachers of the Deafs Annual Meeting, and show his slides of work throughout the world. This he was able to do and the Meeting took place in the Effeta Lutheran Deaf School at Dordrecht, and last till 1 A.M. starting at 5:30 P.M., the minutes alone taking upwards of 40 minutes to read. In the lecture, which was interpreted by Mr. Fischer, of Groningen, and Herr Roda whom the writer was pleased to meet for the first time, (he having been away when he called;) views were shown of 26 countries in the old world and the new, and the history of the Deaf was traced from Sonin, the mythical Emperor of Japan, whose son toured the world in search of hearing and speech, down to 1923. One incident is worthy of note. Several slides were shown for the first time of a Deaf School in Barcelona,

which had been taken out of a book lent to the writer by Mr. Woltjer when previously at Groningen, and these views were not issued in America till several months later, which speaks volumes for the kindness of our Dutch friends, and for the smart work of our deaf photographic friend—Mr. G. Veysey—of Elthan and Blackmeath in Kent.

Deaf-Mute Globe Trotter



HART W. WHITMAN

IN THE many years that I have perused your magazine par excellent, the column "*Who's Who in the Deaf World*" has unusually attracted my attention.

One name and face I have looked for in vain, so it devolves upon myself to furnish it, namely Hart W. Whitman, of LaPorte, Ind., and a product of the Indiana School. Mr. Whitman lost his hearing and voice at the age of two years from brain fever, cannot lip-read or speak; an excellent sign maker; union printer by trade; married June 30, 1897, to Miss Gertrude Elizabeth Wells; born in Mishawaka, Ind.; educated at the Minnesota School and later a graduate of the Indiana School; deceased May 16, 1904; no children.

Mr. Whitman is probably the greatest living Deaf "globe trotter," having been in every part of the United States and visited every point of interest in our country. After "Seeing America First," he recently made a trip around the world, and has met many people of note and renown.

One of his unique trips was to Mexico; another to the City of Key West, Florida, over the great viaduct from Miami and thence to Havana, Cuba.

His "trip around the world" was on a special cruise from San Francisco, the only deaf person in the party of 756 Americans. He visited Honolulu, taking in Waikiki Beach with its surf boating and bathing, thence to Yokohama, Japan, with a fine view of "Fujiyama" volcano, then on to Tokio, thence to Kamakura, visiting its chief sight, "Dai Butsu," or colossal bronze "Buddha."

In Tokio he visited the "Institution for the Japanese Deaf and Dumb," which contained 700 students, boys and girls. He was introduced to Mr. Konishi, the director, and one of the instructors, and was requested to address the students. This he did, but was unable to make himself understood, as their system is different, they having signs only without any finger manual.

Next cities visited were Kobe, Osaka, Kioto and Nagasaki.

On to Hong Kong and a trip up the Pearl River to Canton, China, of 90 miles, which is the largest city in the Chinese Empire. Here he was held up and robbed of all his loose

From there he went to Manilla, Phillipine Islands, where he visited the Institution for the Deaf conducted by Miss Delight Rice. Then he sailed to Victoria Harbor, Borneo, thence to Batavia, Java, on to Singapore, then taking a 15 miles railway trip to visit the Palace of the Sultan of Johore; thence to Rangoon, Burniah. In this city a native woman wanted to sell to Mr. Whitmore her black babe for two rupees (64 cents).

Thence to Calcutta, India, on to Colombo, Ceylon; again on to Bombay, India, thence on through the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea to Cairo, Egypt, where he took a rapid transit trip on the back of a camel, making an awkward landing head over heels.

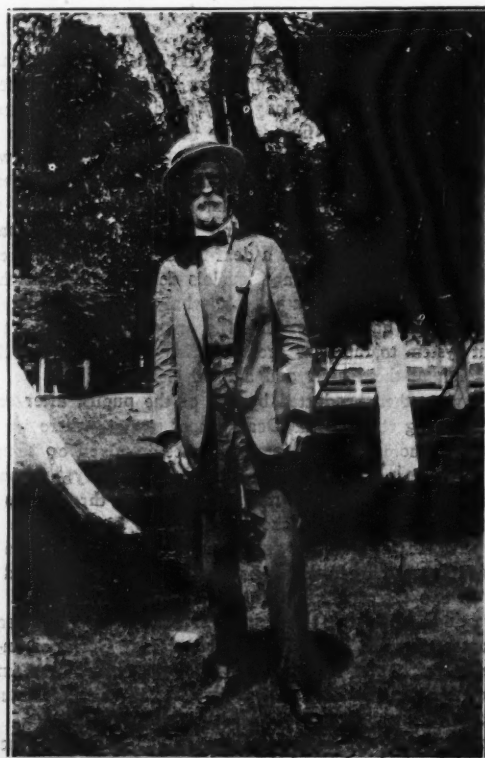
Thence to Calcutta, India; on to Colombo, Ceylon; again Naples, Italy; on to Pompeii, then to the Island of Capri, visiting the famous and beautiful "Blue Grotto." Then on to Rome, the "Eternal City;" thence to Florence, Venice; on to Lucerne, Switzerland, Zurich and across Lake Constance to Lindau, where he entrained for Munich, Germany, and on to Oberamergau, witnessing the famous "Passion Play." Thence to Heidelberg and Coblenz, embarking on a Rhine steamer for a river trip to Cologne; on to Amsterdam, Holland, to Antwerp and Brussels, Belgium, Paris, France, Versailles, London, England, Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare; South Hampton to New York.

Mr. Hunter: Give the meaning of "Nescio."

Sleepy Pupil: I don't know.

Mr. Hunter: Correct.

Levy, translating Cicero: Those consular men who were to be killed very often by you—



MR. W. J. JOHNSON
Charter member N. A. D. at West Lake Picnic, Alabama.

Windy City Observations

By THOMAS. O. GRAY



SINCE the creation of the world time has noted a large variety of vehicles of convenience come and go. The bullock cart, the prairie schooner days and the horse drawn vehicle of semi-modern time have all had their day. Now comes the swift automobile of the present day—a self-propelled pleasure and commercial vehicle. This latest addition to man's most convenient means of locomotion is rapidly crowding old dobbin into the abyss of oblivion. The demand for these pneumatic shoed, gasoline driven and luxuriously upholstered vehicles is unprecedented. The factories turn out millions of them every year, to be turned loose upon the national highways. The congestion created by this motor-madness from the basis of numerous perplexing problems for our state and national governments. Communities are standing on their heads trying to devise ways and means that will satisfactorily solve the traffic problem. In their dilemma they enact a bunch of stringent rules, or create maximum speed laws which are impossible of observance. These only furnish a loop-hole for some dishonest officials to indulge in perquisite extortion; and many officials consider this their individual right by force of habit. In an effort to reach the core of rottenness and corruption legislators have been led in most states to pass laws compelling all persons driving a car to submit to a physical and mental examination. They put up the claim that a majority of accidents are caused by persons who are unfit to drive. This despite the fact that arrests, in many instances, failed to confirm this assertion—a majority were in full possession of their normal faculties. It is an attempt of politicians to commercialize the automobile traffic laws? It sounds so, since numerous political jobs will be created should these laws become a fact. Really, it's impossible to prevent accidents, the most skilful driver will run into one some day, but they can be lessened to a minimum through the basic principle of care and prudence. Safety bodies everywhere are springing up like mushrooms; organized for the sole purpose of carrying on propaganda in the interests of safe driving, to eliminate the wanton slaughter of human beings. These bodies begin with the idea that all drivers are detrimental to the communities where they operate unless they are in full possession of their natural faculties. This opinion branches out into many recommendations for potential intervention in behalf of the safety of a community. And in these recommendations we find the deaf-mutes named among others who should be forbidden the right to operate their own cars. Is it predominancy, ignorance or dirty politics that prompted them to suggest this pusillanimous legislation? Be it either, no time must be wasted by the deaf of the country to organize to thwart the passage of any staute detrimental to their cause. The sooner the better, but if it is possible, they should join the A. A. A. automobile clubs.

In the numerous automobile factories throughout the country you will find there are hundreds of mutes employed in a congenial capacity. It was at first with guarded caution the employers gave them a trial; this, coupled with the Compensation act, served to govern their decision to give employment to a select few. But since the experiment proved the deaf are no more risk than others, this scope broadened until now hundreds of them can be found pouring out of the factories at the end of a day's work. They will be found in every department, from the yard up, applying their skill to the intricacies of these demons.

It may seem skeptical to the casual observer, but the writer has spent fifteen years working among them in the Buick,

Winton, Pierce Arrow, Nurdyke-Marmon, Mitchell and Nash factories, and from his experiences knows wherefore he speaks. Being one of the first to break the ice in the great Buick plant, it was not long before there was an influx of other mutes. Not much particular attention was paid to your ability, but new comers were immediately placed in positions dependable on the applicant's skill. Those in charge of the various departments took a keen interest in the work of the deaf, never overlooking an opportunity to inform their superiors of the excellent way they were progressing. The deaf were given every encouragement; this coupled with congenial environment spurred them on to greater effort. Most every conceivable part, of the thousands, that go into the mechanical or woodwork of an automobile was studied to familiarize them with the whole machine. Even, in their spare moments they would reconnoiter in other departments, absorbing some knowledge of the work going on in there. In this way they rapidly acquired the mechanical and constructive laws of assembling an automobile. This proved of good value in understanding how the machine operates, and helped them to get acquainted with the driving end of the business. Whether it was putting up a differential, setting the timing gears, or pumping the "balloons" full of air it made no difference. They had mastered the details necessary to graduate into the driver's class. The only work they were not allowed to take up was the testing of the engines. This work required the services of a hearing man to fish out the faulty construction before smooth running was attained.

In associating with outsiders (other deaf who did not work in the auto industries) their conversation carried a knowledge of the mechanical work of these automobiles and it wasn't long before all the deaf learned the ins and outs of automobilism. Soon they became possessed with the desire to own a car of their own and, figuratively speaking, the deaf made their bow to the Motor world. The worship of these tin goddesses grew with the reduction of the cost of production and now most every state in the Union has among its motor population a lot of deaf motorists. Where there are sparsely settled regions only a few bob up, but in the densely populated regions caustic criticism has sprung up, aimed to legislate the practice out of existence. Our affliction is the basic of all this action, as no serious mishap involving any deaf driver has been presented before the authorities. They frankly admit that, but why they persist in picking at us is inconceivable.

The deaf-mutes have an opportunity of seeing the world as it really is. All the interesting spots heretofore unseen are brought within a few hours ride. Recreation in the country with your families; camping out in the pure air and bright moonlight, and finding a haven of rest for your tired nerves at some beautiful lake or mountain resort in the very home of Nature. The automobile can take you to places where the railroads never dared to enter. As you travel along the beautiful landscape farms and wooded sections of our rolling country whiz past you with no obstruction to your vision.

Considerable excitement was caused among local deaf automobile owners through the appearance of an article in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, reprinted from the *Jersey Observer*, carrying the information that the license of one "Chas. Mason," Springfield, Ill., had been revoked on the discovery that he was deaf and dumb. Being unable to locate any one by that name among the silent colony there, I immediately got in touch with the Secretary of State and asked him to



THE BARBER SHOP OF JOHN SCHWARZ

confirm or deny the report. I told him I had reasons to suspect that article was printed with malicious intent. He replied:

Mr. Thomas O. Gray,
Chicago Association of the Deaf,
61 West Monroe St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 20th and in replying beg to inform you that this office has not this year revoked a motor vehicle license issued to any Charles Mason and we cannot revoke a license on account of the holder being deaf and dumb.

This newspaper article to which you refer is very erroneous.

Yours very truly

LOUIS L. EMMERSON,

Secretary of State.

That significant reply should set at rest the fears of local deaf motorists for the present. Whether Mr. Emmerson could revoke a license or not does not matter, but he probably has the powers to refuse a renewal license for any because he is deaf. It is a well known fact that Illinois motor vehicle law contains some reference to the deaf and unknown to many the bill that was introduced in the last legislature had a clause backed up by Judge Henry M. Walker of the local speeder's court barring the deaf from the use of Chicago's thoroughfares. Luckily for us, through the opposition of the Chicago Motor Club, the bill was defeated. This club opposed it on the ground it contained provisions for the examination of all drivers for physical defects. This contention carried proof that a majority of those who ran into accidents were in full possession of their faculties. Now there is to be another bill with Coroner Oscar Wolff sponsor announced for introduction to the next legislature in January. I have tried in vain to get a copy and up to date of mailing this, such was not forthcoming. However, the alderman from this ward has promised a copy as soon as he can learn more about it. It's up to the deaf to look out for every bill introduced in the legislature for clauses discriminatory to them. Should one be discovered an organized protest would help the opposition.

✱

Some few months ago, at a Saturday evening party of the

Pas-a-Pas Club, the game of pocket billiards lasted late and in their scurry to get home before the missus would be sitting up with the rolling pin, the players partook of a late luncheon at Thompson's one arm lunch counter below. On leaving, haste was made, for one had a recollection of the place having been held up by a couple of highwaymen about that hour and robbed of a hundred dollars. On the following morning, Prof. Berg started out from his hotel to discover his overcoat was absent. Searching around he could not find it, but quick thinking sent him scurrying down stairs at break-neck speed, around the corner he flew, his coat-tail riding the wind as his variable stork-like legs resumed their youthful speed. Back to Thompson's he rushed, stopped at the cashier's desk trying to make himself understood while the pug faced cashier raised his hands beckoning him to wait, then pecked his bald palate with his first finger indicating he had understood. Reaching under the cigar case he pulled out the coat with a note pinned on it which read:

"THIS COAT BELONGS TO A DEF AND DUM
MAN; REAL GOOD LOOKING MAN; WELL
DRESSED AND WAS LEFT LYING ON A CHAIR
WHERE HE ATE."

Prof. Berg was very thankful that the black who found it was particularly honest.

✱

In the years gone by there was an old schooner crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Before it had reached the shores of America the stork had paid it a visit in mid-ocean, depositing a tiny human mite that later took the name of "Bill" Schwarz. He came west and settled in Niles Center about 12 miles Northwest of Chicago. Here five children were born and one of these happened to be John Schwarz, the town's leading deaf barber. He started his shop in Niles Center on March 1st, 1898, and has been at the business ever since.

Mr. Schwartz's father had a farm of 300 acres, but has sold parts until only 60 acres are left; this he intends to sell and divide the proceeds among the remaining children. John expects to receive around \$15,000 as his share from the sale to real estate men for the purpose of dividing it into city



THE SHOE REPAIR CORNER OF MR. SCHWARZ'S SHOP

lots. John first attended school in Jacksonville, Ill., when he was 16 years old. Here he started on his career as a barber while at school. He cut the hair of another pupil with old-fashioned scissors. After this he charged each a nickle for the work and at the age of 21 established himself a first class barber shop in Niles Center. The price for the tonorial work was 10c a shave and 15c a hair cut. His shop was the only place in town charging these rates. He has seen 42 years service and enjoys the distinction of having a large acquaintance. In addition to his shop he runs a repair department for ailing shoes and has a good line of sundries for country people's need. He has three sons, one of whom assists him in the shop. Union rates now prevail in his shop and on Saturdays the receipts seldom fall below \$70.00. Mr. Schwarz has accumulated a reasonable lump for his declining days and the annexation of Niles Center to Chicago has boosted land and buildings to prices beyond the reach of a modest purse. He stands a good chance of receiving a good profit on his holdings. Real estate men predict there will be 200,000 people in Niles Center within ten years. This through the building of the Northwestern elevated extension from Evanston to Niles Center.

Mr. Schwarz has several stories of bygone days to spring on the weary traveler. The advent of the hair clippers came at a time when every farmer was curious to know the use of every invention put on the market. One was shown the clippers, explained how it worked, he asked to have the job of hair cutting done by the clippers. The obliging Mr. Schwarz did a good job of it, but when the farmer saw himself with the head of a monkey he let fly a volley of choice adjectives and beat it. On another occasion a customer happened to have a ripped shoe on a Sunday morning. He came over to have Schwarz do the job. At first he protested on account of it being the Sabbath, but being of a sympathetic nature he consented to do the job, after some persuasion. Across the street was a church holding morning worship. The pounding on the last annoyed the

congregation, so the priest excused himself and went in the direction of the sound. Entering Schwarz's shop he exploded a lot of intricate signs asking him to desist. The customer was compelled to wait until the service adjourned. Mr. Schwarz is a member of the N. F. S. D. and the Patriotic & Protective Order of Stages of the World.

✧

Chicago Silents gathered at the Pas-a-Pas Club to tell tales of the legend of a bountiful harvest amidst spooks, black cats, bats, witches and pumpkins. Hallowe'en! They personified the powers of nature and then told wondrous tales about the myths and legends which helped along the festival rites. Many indulged in the hideous use of the dangling skeleton, a grim reminder of Jack, supposed to have been kept out of heaven because of his stinginess, and out of hades by his jokes on the devil. He was forced to roam the earth with a lantern, and members tried the game of Snap-Apple and Cracked Nut while the returning spirits of the dead visited around them, unseen. Fairies and Goblins mingled with each other with colors of black and yellow dangling from the ceiling, fanned by the spirits from the forest. The hideous yells of the black cats, the rattling of pans by unseen spirits, the swish of the devilish-headed bats and the mournful sound of the autumn wind outside failed to disturb the members throughout the celebration of Summers End Festival.

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I herewith reproduce a copy from the *Illinois State Journal* of Springfield from the pen of Mr. Bowen, journalist and reporter, relating to deaf-mutes' ability to handle the motor car. Mr. Bowen was formerly a member of the board governing the school for the deaf at Jacksonville.

CAN DEAF-MUTES RUN AN AUTO? EDWARD BOGARDUS ASKS QUESTION; AROUSES AN INTEREST IN THE DEAF, THEIR VIVID MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

Merchant patrolman Edward Bogardus was turning out the lights in the stores along Monroe Street when he saw me. "I've a question. I'd like to ask you," he exclaimed, "and maybe it will make a story for your column. Can deaf and dumb people drive an automobile?" I allowed it was my opinion that they could. "Well, the reason I asked," he continued, "was what I saw here on this street one Sunday night not long ago. There was a Ford with several people in it and two or three men outside using their hands and arms to give directions to the driver. One was signaling one side and the other was waving his hands on the other side and the man at the wheel seemed to see both of them and understand that they were not giving contrary signs. The car was parked in tight between two others and some skill was required to get it out. Nobody in the party said a word and no one seemed to be a bit excited. The driver got the car out all right and off they went as happy as anybody. The car carried a Jacksonville tag and it struck me that these were all deaf and dumb people, driving an automobile in the city streets. I have been puzzled about it ever since."

Mr. Bogardus was undoubtedly right and they were deaf and dumb citizens. And in the management of the machine not only their own lives but the lives of others probably were safer than those of the thousands of hearing persons who were riding that evening. With the deaf, as with the blind, nature provides compensations. With one vital sense absent all the rest rally to perform their own functions and those of the missing one. The blind possess a keen sense of touch and presence. They feel what they cannot see. To feel it. They do not have to touch it. They are conscious of structure they are passing, of the material of which it is made and of the service it performs. A party of blind children were passing the First M. E. Church with me one day and one of them spoke up: "What church is this?" Startled, I asked them how they knew it was a church. They could not tell, but to my question, "Of what is it built," they responded, "stone."

The deaf have their eyes and they make uncanny use of them. Normal people do not know how to use their eyes when we realize what the deaf do with them. Seeing a thing, they understand qualities that we understand by hearing. Thus a steam whistle blows. They do not hear it but they know of sight what it means. How they learn that is one of the secrets of the operation of that compensating nature which I have mentioned.

They may not hear sound but they may feel it. Children

in the state school in Jacksonville hear the big siren when it blows though they may be far from it and may not even be looking at it.

The deaf have their own alphabet. It is an ingenious and skillful medium of expression; but how many short cuts they have devised for their ordinary conversation! At first they spelled out by the fingers. Then they invented signs that meant whole phrases—codes as it were. After that they produced signals that convey all the meaning that would require a sentence in English. Their codes among themselves are a fine and expressive mode of communication. With a look or glance at the eye, a sweep of the hand or the crook of a finger, they sum up a paragraph. Is it not wonderful that they have discarded the laborious alphabet for the brief and colorful codes, nor that they soon abandon speech for signs?

Lip reading is an aid to understanding those who do not use the signs, but among the deaf dependence is placed almost exclusively in signs, even though all of those in a group may have learned at school how to talk.

Abnormal psychology has unlocked many of the secrets of normal psychology. Those possessed of all the normal faculties and senses could improve themselves immensely by a study of the means and methods by which the deficiencies of blindness and deafness are overcome.

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

What was the bride? An American Beauty.
 What was the grooms' name? Sweet William.
 What was the bride's name? Rose.
 How did he propose to her? Aster.
 With what did she give her consent? Tulips.
 Whose permission did she ask? Poppy's.
 What did he bring her? Candytuft.
 What did her father say? Forget-me-not.
 What did she hope to find? Heartsease.
 What did her former beau have? Bleeding heart?
 What time were they married? Four o'clock.
 Who married them? Jack-in-the-pulpit.
 What did the groom give up? Bachelor's button.
 What flowers did the bride wear? Bridal Wreath.
 What did the guests throw after them? Ladies slippers.
 What was their love? Everything—Judge.



LATEST PICTURE OF THE ILLINOIS SCHOOL DEAF BAND. FRED G. FANCHER, BANDMASTER

Ziao Fong Hsia to his American Friends

TIENTSIN, CHINA, Oct. 21, 1924.



Y DEAR FRIENDS:—How fast time flies! Next month it will be a year since I took my final leave of you. I can hardly believe that I have really been in my own country for a year.

Now I tell you that I have thought of you all a great deal. I would love to write letters to some of my friends with whom I have made new acquaintances on my way home from the East in the United States as well as some of my old friends; however, chiefly due to my absorption in the Far East, I do not have much time to attend to my correspondence. I have a lot of letters and cards from America, but I have not answered them all.

Since I am busy with my business and social affairs, I

I am more determined to improve and strengthen my memory with a good command of Chinese. What I need is practice, practice, practice and so on.

After I have succeeded in memorizing all the characters, I hope I shall be able to learn other dialects, spoken by our different people in China. The Northern and Southern dialects are different from each other, on account of the accent, although the characters for each are the same. The characters have their surnames which are not always spoken, but written. In fact, we have no spoken language; therefore the people of the North and South do not always understand each other's dialects. For example: Take my name in character "Hsia." Each dialect bears the same character but it has a different pronunciation. In Peking they pronounce it "Shia" or "Zia," and in Can-



This photograph was taken at home a few days after my arrival from America. Standing from left to right—Zai-fong (fourth brother), Yuo-ing (second sister), Ziao-fong, Su-ing (first sister), Wai-fong (third brother). Sitting, left to right—Mrs. Hsia (mother), En-fong (youngest brother), Mr. Hsia, father. Note—Tsu-fong (second brother) was not at home.

have not been able to find ample time for my correspondence. Nevertheless, I am very grateful to one of my new friends who wrote me, asking if I would care to write a letter to the Silent Worker so that you all might read it and enjoy knowing about my return to China. Now I will gladly send my letter to the Silent Worker in accordance with my good friend's thoughtful suggestion. For this reason I want to write a lengthy letter for all of my friends, to save my time and work.

Now ever since I came back to my old native-land after my long absence in America, I have been absorbed in getting accustomed to my new environment and customs. Besides my absorption, I have to spend more time to learn my own language which I have forgotten a long time ago. I find it harder to learn than I had expected. Prior to my departure for China, I thought I was confident that I would master it easily, because I had had a large vocabulary of Chinese characters before coming to America. Now I am rather annoyed by my inability to pick up the characters. My memory is rather poor, but

ton they say "Ha", in Fukien, "Huo"; in Ningpo, "Hia" or "Heea", in Nanking, "Shah," and so on. Each dialect has its own accent; so it is hard to understand when people of different sections talk verbally. China is so big that the people are divided into five races. These five races are of the Chinese, Manchurian, Mongolian, Tibetan and Mohammedan people. They do not speak in the same language but can understand only their national written language.

Let me tell you about my return to China. I will try to make my account more interesting to you.

My trip to Seattle from Rochester, New York, via San Francisco, was successful as the weather was lovely all the way. My visit to several schools for the deaf was worth while and very interesting. I enjoyed visiting some beautiful cities as much as making new acquaintance with my friends. I was excited over my visits to some wonderful places, for sightseeing and was even thrilled by the crossing of the Great Salt Lake by rail. Everywhere I went, I received a glad and friendly welcome. It seemed as if the Goddess of Fortune was with me all the time.

I wish to emphasize that it is you who really made me happy and feel at home. You have done everything to make my trip a success. Now I want to thank you for your hospitality which I have always enjoyed and appreciated very much.

The friends in Philadelphia, Washington and Trenton, to which I made a run before leaving Rochester to start my trip proceeding westward on my way home, must be remembered for their making my visit pleasant. I really enjoyed their friendship and hospitality very much.

In Seattle, where I had taken my ship for China, my old country, quite many friends were on a pier to see me off and wished me "bon voyage." We waved to each other until we were out of sight. I watched the land of Liberty until the view of the mountains became blurred. Then I helped myself making new acquaintances with the passengers.

Upon my arrival in Japan, I was mighty glad to land on the solid earth again after I had a long but unpleasant

My ship went through the Inland Sea in Japan. The scenery is very beautiful. The mountainous islands are so colorful I would want to stop there and paint a good number of pictures. No wonder Japan attracts foreign tourists from all the parts of the world. She is noted for her famous scenery.

I bet you will want to know how I found my own people in Shanghai where I had reached my final destination. Well, when my ship was approaching the wharf, my relatives were in a crowd there. Of course I could not tell which they were. As my ship came near and nearer, seeing my relatives, I hesitated for a few moments to recognize them for fear I might find them the wrong people. You see I had not seen my own people for fifteen years. Notwithstanding my hesitation, I saw that my oldest sister had recognized me first. She at once waved to me with a happy smile. I knew her smile instinctively as I had remembered it in my old days. I was overjoyed to see her and also my relatives.

On the following day, I took another ship for Ningpo where my parents live now. (I had hoped to get home before Christmas, but I was two days late, on account of the previous storms during my voyage). The next morning found me in Ningpo. I met my own parents at last. You can imagine how happy they were to see as a man their son who had left them for America when he was little. All of my folks except Tsu-fong, my younger brother, were at home for a family reunion. You see we had a wonderful reunion. My brother Tsu, who could not come down to see us there that time because of the Chinese customs, was attending a Chinese college up in the north, far from home. You know the Chinese people, except the Christians, do not observe your Christmas. They have their own New Year festival which always come in early February. I saw my brother Tsu in the North later.

I stayed at home for but three weeks, for I was urged to go to Tientsin to take up my new position as an architect as soon as possible. I shall tell you about my position later. In spite of my brief visit with relatives in Ningpo and Shanghai, I made a hurried trip to Tientsin from Shanghai by rail. After I had arrived at Tientsin, I went to Peking where I had a two weeks' visit with my uncle Dr. C. T. Wang who is very prominent in public and private activities in this country.

During my visit in Peking I went to see the famous museum, the temple of Heaven and some interesting places. At the museum I was amazed to see most wonderful exhibits of old pottery and carvings by which my interest was wholly captivated because of the remarkable workmanship. Especially, I admired the flowers that look real, but in reality are made of precious stones. Even tiny flowers are made of small stones. The old Chinese ingenuity is most wonderful. Later, I learned that before China had become a republic, this very museum was not open to the people except the emperors, high officials and famous foreigners. I think I am more fortunate to be born in the republican days so that I can visit more famous places where doors were once closed to the people.

The Temple of Heaven is another interesting point in Peking. At sight of the temple I was charmed by the beautiful architectural style. The temple building is 90 feet high. It has a pinnacle-shaped dome, including a beautiful circular triple-roof covered with blue enamelled tiles. Originally, each of the three roofs had its own color in blue, yellow and green. On the top of the temple it has a large round-topped cap thickly gilded in fine leaf gold which can be seen for many miles from all directions. The altar is in a circle, surrounded by three rows of white marble balustrades beautifully sculptured in cloud designs with eight flights of opening steps in all directions. These



This snapshot was taken at my uncle's home in Peking—Dr. C. T. Wang. On right side, my brother Tsu-fong.

voyage nearly all the way from Seattle, encountering several severe storms, against twenty to sixty-five mile gales. During my voyage one of these storms was very exciting, as there arose a sixty-mile gale which was very unpleasant. The S. S. Kagan Maru, a Japanese ship, was unfortunate to run amuck among mighty waves and also against strong winds. She was just like a cork, but had to stand the fury of the gale all day and all night. High waves rolled over the bridge and passenger decks several times. It looked as if the Kagan Maru would break to pieces at any time. Fortunately she had an excellent captain to steer her safely through the terrifying storm. Everybody was very glad when the storm was over by the next night.

That day I was in the dining room for my tiffin. All of a sudden the ship went down against the coming waves as if she was sinking rapidly. The sunlight in that room was dim for a few moments when the mighty waves came over to ram the outside wall of the dining room, thus making a terrible noise. Then a strong jerk of the ship followed instantly. The shock was awful enough to scare the passengers. The water went through the closed windows and some of the passengers who sat by the wall got wet. I was one of them and I had much difficulty to balance myself while eating.

circular balustrades surround each of the three terraces built of white marble. The lower terrace is 210 feet wide, the one above is 150 feet wide and the upper terrace is 90 feet wide.

The Temple of Heaven is dedicated to a very ancient form of worship which has revealed that the Chinese religion has many gods like Greek mythology, and every element is controlled by one Supreme Power. According to the traditions the Temple of Heaven was erected as a special act of devotion by the second emperor, Yung-loh of Ming Dynasty who believed in but one God as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. This temple was worshipped by the very emperor on behalf of the harvest.

A few months later I went to visit the Great Wall. The Nankow Pass where I visited the wall is a little more than eleven miles from Peking by rail. It is at an altitude of about 2,000 feet. The gradient, being very steep, requires huge, specially-constructed locomotives to negotiate the stiff gradient. There are safety sidings at many convenient points along the railway line. So we have the largest and most powerful locomotives, American products, to climb this steepest gradient in the world.

My trip to the Great Wall was a delightful one. The scenery is strangely wild in character; the air with the perfume of mountain vegetation is fresh, and the home varieties are distinctly noticeable. We have donkeys to carry the tourists to the wall from the station. Climbing mountains is not very pleasant.

Let me narrate a little about the wall. You will be interested to know that the Great Wall is one of the eight world wonders. The Great Wall which was built by the emperor, Chin-Shih-Hwang-ti, about B. C. 200, was used as a barrier against the invading Tartars or Huns who had threatened to overrun China. The wall including its foundations is about 27 feet high and about 30 feet wide. The length of the wall from Shanhaikwan by the sea to Suchoo on the western borders of Mongolia is 2,500 miles. The actual material used for the construction of the wall is about 375,000,000 tons. The structures and battlements are of sun dried bricks nearly four times the size of the ordinary housebuilding bricks. Along the wall many gateways and watch towers at a distance of every one-third of a mile are higher and wider than the wall itself. The foundations and superstructures of the wall are in a very remarkable state of preservation.

There are more interesting places which I have not visited yet, but I shall write you about my future excursions when I have more opportunities to visit.

You remember the bandit outrage that occurred at Lin-cheng, Shantung, two years ago. The bandits abducted the foreigners and rich Chinese passengers after they had wrecked the train. The foreign powers protested vigorously against the banditry. Well, the "Blue Express" by which I went to Tientsin from Shanghai, was wrecked by the bandits. After the wreck the Chinese government at once undertook the difficult task to suppress banditry in Shantung and successfully drove the bandits out from their infested nests in the mountains. In the meanwhile the government installed the "Blue Express" with strong guards. Even every station was placed under guard along the line between Tientsin and Pukow opposed to Nanking just over the Yang-tze River. Ever since, this line has not been molested by the bandits for the past two years. The "Blue Express" is said to be the finest train in the world on account of excellent service and conveniences, according to foreign tourists. Since banditry has broken out in Shantung, all the railway lines are placed under guard now.

During the summer we have had our flood famine, caused by heavy rains. The floods have made a great havoc in

several provinces, especially in the north. Many good crops and homes of the poor were destroyed entirely. We have our relief committee to succor the poor who have lost everything during the flood rush. When I went to Peking, I saw many immense lakes made by the floods along the rail. Peking was nearly cut off from all communications and supply by the floods, for it is the center of all the railroads. Tientsin, which has been on the verge of being inundated several times, is safe so far. Several towns near Tientsin and Peking were flooded. The lakes made by the floods are now being drained by means of the dikes.

We are now having a civil war between General Wu Pei-fu of the central government, considered the biggest man of China, and General Chang Tso-Lin, the powerful warlord of Manchuria, known as the Dictator or "Emperor" of Manchuria. We all have different opinions concerning these fighting generals. According to the various opinions, General Wu Pei-fu says that General Chang Tso-Lin is responsible for causing the present war and must be punished for disturbing the peace and order of China. General Wu terms him as a rebel and is determined to punish his arch enemy for revolting against the central government. General Chang Tso-Lin accuses General Wu of causing the Chekiang-Kiangsu war that led to a general war in China. The Chekiang-Kiangsu war came to an end recently as a result of the flight of the Chekiang war lord, General Lu Yung-hsiang, to Japan. General Chang claims that he is forced to fight to preserve peace and order for the sake of the people. He wants to terminate all the traitors of China and put up a good government in Peking. Then he will go back to Manchuria. Both generals want re-unification for China, but they have different ideas from each other regarding it.

In my opinion, both fighting generals, General Wu Pei-fu and General Chang Tso-Lin are equally strong. It is hard to tell which one will win the battle, but China must have fighting to settle the great struggle between these fighting generals for the supremacy of China. There are no other greater generals who will fight either General Wu or General Chang. Dr. Sun Yat-sen who is now the leader of the Canton government, is the only one left, but he is done for his work. Either General Wu or General Chang must fall in order to stop more future wars. China can not have two masters to rule over the same country. Wars merely bring more sufferings to the people, especially the poor. There has been talk of having foreign intervention in China, but I hope sincerely that the foreign powers will not intervene in our civil war. If they should start their intervention in China, they are most likely to take different sides against each other, on account of their spherical influences in China.

In spite of frequent wars, China is getting strong as a nation, largely due to the excellent services given by the returned students from America and Europe. She is improving rapidly in her business, industry and commerce. Yes, I have seen a lot of changes in this country after my many years away. I find that there is much improvement in several big modernized cities.

In regard to my future career, I do not know when I will teach, but time shall tell you. The reason why I am not teaching the deaf is because (1) I am not ready to teach for I came back so soon; (2) the opportunity is not very bright and there is even no opening for me to teach in Mrs. Mills' school. (3) I am too young to start a school and (4) I have not learned the Chinese customs and literature yet. When I have acquired all the necessary things after at least five years, I hope I will be able to start a school for the deaf. I find a lot of things to learn here.

In order to teach the deaf, I must get in touch with Chinese society and also study the psychological conditions. I am very happy to say that I am glad to come back home, as I want to learn more things about China.

I am working with my friend, Mr. S. S. Kwan, in his office as an architect. I have begun at the bottom and am now working my way up, so that I may become a practical architect. I never had any office experience in my life before. I know Mr. Kwan personally, for I met him at the Chinese students' conference, Providence, R. I., in 1917. Mr. Kwan is the first Chinese architect to start his own business in North China. His business is only six years old, but very successful in a real competition against the old foreign firms. Mr. Kwan has clients from far and near.

I am living with some returned students at the Raquet Club in the ex-German concession. I know many of the returned students whom I have already met in America. Our club is very near the river. I often see steamers going up and down the river. They come from local ports, Korea and Japan. Just over the river I can see the Boxer Uprising memorial on the side of the Russian concession.

Before I will have to close this letter, I should be very happy to have any of you write me if you can. I enjoy hearing from and keeping track of my new and old acquaintances.

Christmas is coming, so I wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Hoping to hear from you and with my best wishes to you, I am

Sincerely yours,

ZIAO FONG HSI¹.

S. S. KWAN & CO., Architects & Engineers
11 Rue Du Marechal Foch
Tientsin, China.



SIDNEY AND TEDDY

Formerly of Chicago, now of San Martin, California

Childhood's Shining Armor—Health

BY HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

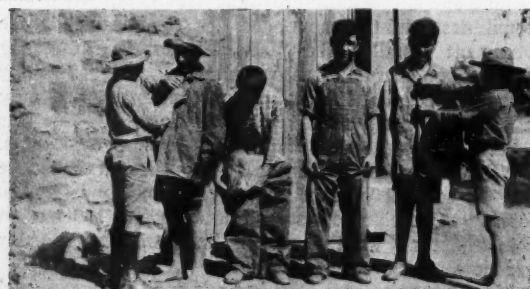
NO ONE has ever discovered why small boys detest having their ears scrubbed or hate to wash their hands before they come to table; or why, for that matter, they never voluntarily clean their fingernails. One might think that these are only trials that descend upon mothers to try their love as well as their tempers, except that science has now found a way to lighten the burden of making children hygienic just as efficiently as she invented the vacuum cleaner and the washing machine.

Several years ago a man named Charles M. DeForest, whose young son was as averse to performing his ablutions as anybody else's son, hit upon the idea of combining the pursuit of cleanliness with adventure and romance. He simply converted each "chore", as he called the boy's daily health tasks, into so many sword thrusts against the great deagon Disease. The plan worked; so well in fact, that the National Tuberculosis Association organized a nationwide Modern Health Crusade movement as one of its educational departments. Since then more than eight million boys and girls have been enrolled as warriors in the fight for perfect health. Briefly, the idea is this: each child receives a score card against which he daily checks the chores he has performed. These consist of the following:

1. I washed my hands before each meal today.
2. I brushed my teeth thoroughly.
3. I tried hard to keep fingers and pencils out of my mouth and nose.
4. I carried a clean handkerchief.
5. I drank three glasses of water, but no tea nor coffee.
6. I tried to eat only wholesome food including vegetables and fruit.
7. I drank slowly two glasses of milk.
8. I went to toilet at regular time.
9. I played outdoors or with windows open a half hour.
10. I was in bed eleven or more hours last night, windows open.
11. I had a complete bath on each day of the week that is checked (x).

This great child health movement is such a success that a number of states have incorporated the Modern Health Crusade system in the school curricula as an adjunct to the study of hygiene. As the children progress in the work they receive the titles of knight, knight banneret, knight banneret constant and Knight of the Round Table. Bright gold and enamel insignia proclaim their ranks.

The education of the children in correct habits of health, is one of the greatest factors in the control of tuberculosis. The National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations, therefore, concentrate a large part of their activities on this phase of the campaign. In order to continue the work, the seventeenth annual Christmas seal sale will be held throughout the country in December.



American Ovrealls for Syrian Deaf Boys

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



EACHERS of the deaf, as well as educators in general, are quite familiar with the fact that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. In other words the most brilliant graduates, those who stand at the head of their classes, are in after life frequently surpassed by the slower and more painstaking pupils, or by those who have a bent for some particular vocation. The average bright pupil will naturally surpass the average mediocre child wherever placed in life, but there are ever individual exceptions to the rule. This is what will always give encouragement to the less gifted pupils and inspire the teacher to unflinching efforts in behalf of the latter.

So it gives the Argonaut pleasure to chronicle the efforts of any of these pupils who in later years may be overcoming handicaps which presented themselves in school life. The subject of this sketch is Clinton George Moore. Clinton was not a brilliant pupil in school. Furthermore he was bothered with weak eyes, which prevented his giving close application to his work. But he was faithful and industrious as far as his eyesight would permit. He had a great penchant for drawing and passed a great deal of his time in making humorous sketches which pleased his fellow pupils. Several of these have appeared in this SILENT WORKER. The California school gave Clinton more serious instruction in drawing, as it has done for many of its pupils in the past.

Upon leaving the California Institution, which was several years ago, Mr. Moore attended for a short period the California School of Arts and Crafts, where he received further instruction in drawing. Then for a few months he continued these studies at the Manual Arts School in Los Angeles. We next find him with the William De Moulin. Here he remained for one and a half years, constantly perfecting himself. Having spent several years in an unbroken pursuit of his special training, Mr. Moore felt competent to embark upon commercial work. Accordingly he came north to San Francisco and took a position with the Laib Sign Company as apprentice painter. He has been with the latter firm six months and is receiving good pay while learning. His apprenticeship will last five years, each year seeing an advance

in remuneration, until when he becomes a full fledged painter in his craft he may expect to get \$12 or \$13 a day.

Mr. Moore's career is far from complete or even assured. But he is on the right track. A very ordinary pupil in school, but of pleasing personality and with a natural bent



Clinton Moore, an ambitious young deaf man, who may yet make his mark as painter. Clinton was just an ordinary pupil in school, but he has been persistent and painstaking in his artistic efforts.

for drawing, which he is cultivating to the best of his ability, Mr. Moore's career should be an inspiration to other children who may find their studies difficult and their recitations unsatisfactory. And it may be a help and guidance to such teachers as see in the slow developing minds of immature children, no latent possibilities of future success.

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When one uses the phrase "restored to society" with reference to the deaf, the inference is usually meant that the latter is an accomplished speaker and lip-reader, or one educated in a special manner without making any use of the standardized sign language of the deaf. It is a phrase that has fallen into much disrepute amongst the deaf. Not that the deaf are not often in a way restored to society. There are those who have been restored to society, if you chose to think of it in that manner, but strange to say these may be deaf men and women who cannot speak a word or read lips at all, and whose education was of the institutionalized, bona-fide sign making brand. One of these I have in mind was Lyell K. Aldersley, recently deceased. It cannot be said that Mr. Aldersley was "restored to society" for all time, but at the time the Argonaut first became acquainted with him, he certainly was. This was in the last few years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Aldersley was then an assayer in the beautiful little mining town of Grass Valley, a district which has sent out more great mining engineers than perhaps any other locality in the world. The Argonaut was just graduating from college and went to Grass Valley to get some practical knowledge of mining at the mines themselves. Here he found that Mr. Aldersley was much more than a mere assayer. At that same time the mines of Grass Valley were



Mr. Moore just at present aims to be a sign painter and this is a sample of his work. It is not an original drawing, but it will not be long before our young painter is at original work.

pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars monthly into the laps of the owners, many of whom resided in Grass Valley. It was then as now, not a boom camp, but an established business in the community. The wealth of the community had been there for more than a generation and culture and



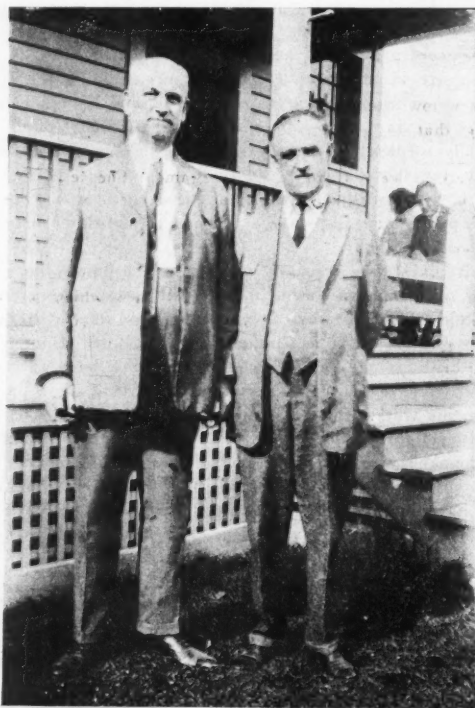
A nearly completed drawing of Wm. S. Hart. Reproduced from a photo.

refinement were at every hand. At all these homes Mr. Aldersley was a much sought guest. Of pleasant features, of quite unassuming manners, a good dancer, an excellent card player, handy with pad and pencil, he was everywhere welcomed. No man in town was so prominent that he did

not fail to recognize Mr. Aldersley upon the streets. Entertainment in Grass Valley at the time was lavish, the like of which the Argonaut has not since seen. And Mr. Aldersley was born deaf. It matters little, if this social life in Grass Valley lasted but a few years for Lyell Aldersley. In after years it may have been to him but a pleasant memory, yet as age came with its attendant infirmities, his life continued serene and unruffled. As to his old Grass Valley friends, let it be said that all did not forget. There were those who stood by him in sickness and adversity to the end.



One of the fundamental principles of our republic is that the decisions of our courts should be upheld. The courts are supposed to dispense justice with the collected wisdom of the ages, but many recent verdicts have more or less undermined the faith of many with regard to a portion of



Old school mates meet once again. After a lapse of 42 years Wm. Redman of Portland and Wm. B. Egan (right) of Oakland meet in Portland, Oregon. They had to be introduced before they recognized each other. Their school days were passed in the California.



Mr. Moore at work in Los Angeles, enlarging a picture of one of the country's leading actresses.

these decisions. The nation wide disapproval of some recent court trials, as for instance that attending the case of the two Chicago youths given life sentences for premeditated murder, should find its equal amongst the deaf in a case concerning one of their own number in California. This was the unusual instance of a judge deciding that a young deaf mother, merely on account of her deafness, was not the proper person to raise her own child. The parents of the child were divorced through incompatibility. The only child was, as far as anyone could see, well taken care of. However, the judge in divorcing the pair, so worded his decision that the child was given into the care of its paternal grandparents. It may be that the little girl will be better off under existing circumstances, but the procedure appears decidedly unjust. There are thousands of children of hearing parents, for whom better homes than they are now enjoying, could readily be found, but no one would think for that reason of removing any of these children from the care

of their parents, unless distinctly harmful conditions presented themselves. The fact that the mother of a child is deaf is no reason for depriving her of the latter's love and care. Many of the children of deaf parents have attained eminence. What about the mothers of Lon Chaney and Sid Smith, who have entertained millions? Or the mothers of our younger superintendents, Cloud, Stevenson, McClure, and others to whose ministering guidance other mothers are now trusting their offspring? These children who have been raised by competent, painstaking, loving deaf mothers would form an impressive roll, showing success in a varied lines of endeavor, and earning for their mothers many niches in Time's eternal hall of fame.

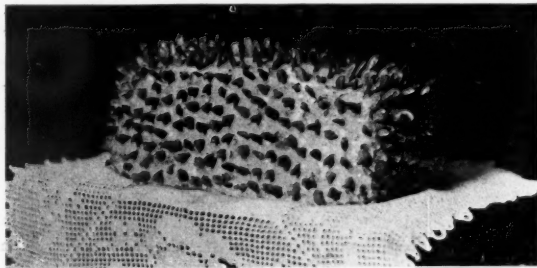
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The Oakland Silents continue to prove a popular team so far as arranging football games with Northern California towns is concerned. So many offers to play have been received that some of these have had to be declined. Liberal allowance in the way of travelling expenses have been the rule at every game, so that the team this year has been entirely self supporting. The Silents have been well treated in every town they have played and evidence has not been lacking that a good many of the townspeople have hoped that they would defeat the home team. To date this year the Silents have not won a single game. The team must be strengthened, but all available talent around San Francisco Bay has been used, so the only solution seems to be to hope for a better season next year. Deaf football players who contemplate heading west next year and who long to get into action should not overlook the opportunities which the Oakland Silent Athletic Club affords through its football team.

EDWARD: You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud.

EVA: Is this a proposal or a weather report?—*Western Recorder*.

Cooks, Please Try This Recipe



ICE BOX CAKE

(Contributed by Gretchen Fahr)

Two dozen of Lady Fingers.
One half a pound of sweet butter.
Six egg yolks, one cup of powdered sugar.
Vanilla and a little strong coffee, (Left from breakfast).
Cream, butter and sugar until light, add one yolk at a time and beat light.
Add vanilla and coffee.
Put layer of lady fingers and mixture alternately until all of lady fingers are used. Then cover entire cake.
Dip the lady fingers in coffee with a little cream in before covering with filling.
Put in ice box over night or in a very cool place. When thoroughly-chilled stick icing full of split browned almonds, (see photo). Almonds are blanched and browned in the oven first.
A little wine added to filling is delicious.

Resolution of Respect



MRS. WALTER H. CHRISTIAN

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove our Vice-President, Mrs. Walter H. Christian, we, the officers of the Nadfrat Woman's Club, present the following resolutions.

Mrs. Christian was a charter member of our Club, having joined when it was organized in 1919, under the name of the 1921 Club. She was a faithful member, and a good worker, having, served in various offices, holding the office of Vice-President at the time of her death.

We, the members of the Nadfrat Woman's Club, will greatly miss our friend and co-worker.

We therefore offer the following:—

Resolved, That we extend to Mr. Walter H. Christian, husband of the deceased, and all the members of the family, our sincere sympathy in their great loss, and trust that God will give them His strength and comfort in their affliction. Be it further,—

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be preserved in the records of the Nadfrat Woman's Club, and a copy sent to Mr. W. H. Christian.

MRS. WM. McLEAN,
President.
MRS. J. G. BISHOP,
Secretary.
LILLIE MUANE,
Treasurer.

THE KIND THAT PRIMP

Maid: I have let the vacant room to a film actor.

Mistress: Is he good looking?

Maid: Yes.

Mistress: Then move the mat from the front of the mirror. I don't want it worn out.—Kurikature Christiana.

"Tom is the finest after-dinner speaker I have ever heard."

"So?"

"Yes, he always says, "Waiter, give that check to me."



WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

EVERY once in so often the Hearst syndicate publishes a story about the hearing being restored through some means new to the medical profession, but nothing ever comes of it. The feature section of this syndicated paper of Sunday, November 9th, had a full page story of the latest development, which will probably have been commented on before this issue is in the reader's hands. There is reproduced a photograph of Miss Katherine Steffens taking a telephone message through her finger tips, the young lady having been stone deaf since infancy. This bone thing is paraded as Edison's means of hearing through the Morse alphabet, where as a matter of fact these messages are given to him on the palm of his hand. The article ends with the old "Deaf variety of the human race" thing, and it repeats what Dr. Bell did to prevent it. I think most of the readers know that this stuff is just so much bunk and junk, and there is no way to prevent the general public from being fooled through these heartless panders to the sensational.

Not long ago the tireless journalist who prefaces all his news letters from Chicago to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* with a poem sent in a news item to the effect that Dr. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, spoke at All Angels' Church, Chicago, "for the benefit of that new electric wahing machine at the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf," a rather unappreciative audience, I should say, and disconcerting to the good St. Louis cleric, but it seems certain Mr. Meagher meant that the proceeds of the lecture were, etc.

This item is old stuff. I have run it for years without effect, but here goes again. In the *Journal*, as these lines are written, two organizations are advertising dancing events and each carries the line:

"MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE."

A long time ago I called at police headquarters here in New York to obtain a license for a mask ball, and the officer who issued them asked to see some of the advertising, and I showed him an advertisement of the affair with the above line in it, and he told me that decent organizations do not use the phrase and that it was only used by the toughest organizations, because no respectable orchestra leader would allow his name to be advertised for an affair that was sure to gather a lot of underworld toughs, engage the service of an extra staff of police officers, and most likely see a shooting or two. The officer also suggested that if the music was not yet contracted for to advertise, merely "Good Music", but not to use the "Our Favorite" thing, unless we wanted to advertise a tough guy event. I repeated his advice in these columns then, and at least once since, but the younger generation, not knowing the facts, keep right on using it as a catch line. But why advertise "good music" at all? It is just as much expected as good man-

ners, and in the third place, most everyone present can't hear the music at all.

A bright sunshiny day on Broadway, and in the space of a block I pass two well known New York deaf men. Each is carrying an umbrella; both have the umbrella habit, and they are the only two deaf New Yorkers addicted to the umbrella habit. But what is strangest is in the coincidence that one can least afford, of all New Yorkers, to get his clothes wet, and the other can most afford it.

A beautifully engraved invitation comes to me inviting me to be present at the dedication of the new Tennessee School buildings, and I sure would like to accept.

Last fall a writer in the *Journal* stated that the deaf were easy marks when it came to parting with their savings in exchange for very beautifully engraved certificates representing worthless stock. This is not true. Few would have invested in the Lauder-Shean scheme but for representations made by deaf salesmen, and the large cities were carefully avoided, practically not a dollar's worth of stock was sold either in New York or Chicago, and it will be generations before any slick schemer again makes a try at the Lauder-Shean thing. Instead of being easy marks, I think the deaf size up wonderfully high in using sound judgment with reference to investments. In a recent statement, Secretary Mellon said that 500,000 millions a year was a conservative estimate of the amount lost each year in stock swindling.

My friend Binks (not his real name, of course) on a little call here yesterday asked me if my friend Ginks (again name assumed) had acquired a job. It seems Ginks has been taking lessons for a few weeks at a linotype school, and Binks launched out into a tirade, saying that Ginks and his kind were so many job-killers because, not being printers, they go out and get situations as linotype operators, only to be discharged for incompetency because they are not printers, so when the next deaf man, and real printer, comes along and applies for a job, he is turned down because of the deadly work of the job-killer. Personally I have no experience in the matter, but it is easy to acquiesce in Binks' point of view. Another friend of all concerned, for whom Hinks will do as an appellation, added that it was hard enough for a deaf man to get a good situation without having to combat the job-killer.

There are a great many other ways of doing harm to the deaf. One of them is a method that obtains in England through advertising, such as the following, which appears in an English church paper:

"ALONE IN THE SILENCE."

"That is the sad life-story of the deaf and dumb. Those not so afflicted never realize how very much they depend on speech and hearing.

"Conversation, singing, music—from all these, those who dwell in silence are debarred.

"*They know utter loneliness and isolation in a way that is never dreamt of by outsiders.*"

"If you have not yet helped these unfortunate people—isolated from all that makes life most worth living to you—it is not because you do not care, but simply because you have not yet thought. *Think now* and remember that the royal association in aid of the deaf and dumb is not content with giving the best of human sympathy. It is only London organization reaching those poor people, that tries to lead them also to the deep abiding love of God.

"Contributions gratefully received by Graham W. Simes, Secretary, 413, Oxford Street, London, W. I. Will friends kindly note change of address."

Other organizations advertising for the same "pity the poor" objects are "Waifs and Strays," "Deep Sea Fishermen," "Society for the Relief of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances," etc., etc., and our Anglican brethren seem to relish this sort of commiseration and concern for their welfare.

Once a deaf man brought me a letter from one of our best known clergymen, a hearing man, that was headed: "To whom it may concern," and stated that the bearer was deaf and dumb and if you helped him along, God would reward you. Using deafness as a cover for begging, it seems to me, is just as reprehensible when the begging is done by a Royal Association of a clergyman as it is when done by a deaf man too lazy to work. But we ought to be glad that we have no public appeals of this kind on this side of the big pond. Here we disdain the human sympathy and eliminate the utter loneliness by ignoring our physical shortcomings and devising uplifting association for betterment by, of and for our deaf people, disregarding entirely the solicitations of the professional philanthropist.

The time has passed by years and years when the condition of deafness, *per se*, called for organized philanthropy, excepting possibly and solely that religious organizations are expected to receive aid, just to the same extent that similar bodies of the hearing have external help. When other avenues of activity are considered, we find the deaf man creates his own insurance society, his own athletic club, his own state and national associations and carries on without help from the hearing with far greater success than if hearing "philanthropists," both amateur and professional, are kept out, for they cannot know us, and cannot appreciate and cannot help our aspirations as we ourselves can, and the end, if they are taken in, is inevitable friction.

An old friend becomes a new figure in the journalistic field when the Rev. J. M. Koehler comes out as "The Hermit of Olyphant," most likely coaxed into the field by Editor Kenner. One of his scintillations is:

"A laconic definition of extravagance—
A ten dollar hat on a ten cent head."

Many years ago at the old San Francisco minstrels here in New York, Birch and Backus, sang a topical song of the day that had for its refrain: "Like a fifty dollar saddle on a twenty dollar horse," which is full brother to Mr. Koehler's wheeze.

It was told on Harry Lauder originally, but last night I heard it told on one of our wealthiest but "closest" deaf men

here, that he had offered to contribute \$5,000 to the widow and family of the "Unknown Soldier."

My, but that is one grand metamorphosis the good old *West Virginia Tablet* has brought about. In its new dress, and with its wealth of interesting contents, the *Tablet* now steps up to the front rank in the l. p. f.s.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows" was never more amply demonstrated than in the recent Presidential campaign in New York. The Democrats contented themselves with a letter to all deaf voters, signed by a staunch old Tammany man who enjoyed the friendship and personal good will of the late leader of Tammany from boyhood up. He could have had a good appointment to a life job if he had ever requested it, but he never did, though two days before the leader died he asked the deaf man to come around and talk over a job that was to be the deaf man's reward for years of activity in the political field without other reward than "thank you." On the Republican side two meetings were got up, and the first one was advertised with circulars that carried an appeal for the candidate of that party beseeching votes for Mr. Coolidge on the ground that Mrs. Coolidge had been a teacher of the deaf. A writer in the *New York Times*, a deaf man, too, ridiculed the plea, as he well might have, viewing it as a campaign device. At the first meeting it was found that many men and women present were not even registered, and a good many were for the other candidate, so the meeting resolved itself into an appeal to deaf voters to register and exercise all the rights of citizenship, and in that way the meeting must surely have borne fruit.

The final meeting was arranged for deaf Republicans, but few of the speakers seemed to appreciate it, for not once did they make any direct appeal that they would not have made if all the gathering were hearing people. Besides Senator Wadsworth, there were Congressmen, judges and so on, and finally interest in what they were saying became of less import than the question of how long young Mr. Henry Bryan, who was interpreter, could hold out. After he had been at it a good two hours and was coaxed to rest, there was no one to take his place and Rev. Mr. Kent was drafted for the job, and went through the motions of interpreting, but of course he wasn't, for he cannot hear, so he made his own arguments, and if the hearing speakers thought anything at all of it, they must have thought he was "doing his stuff" just as well as his predecessor had. And in fact he did, for not one of the speakers got away from the hackneyed old campaign arguments.

And just because I have been talking about politics, it is not so far out of the way to tell another campaign incident and perhaps wean away from their wicked habits some of our deaf people who wink at the 18th amendment and ignore its requirement. A deaf friend asked me if I intended voting for a certain candidate, and I told him I did not because he had announced, if elected, he would cause to be put a new law on the books that would have sharper teeth than did the Mullan-Gage law which New Yorkers, at least, know all about. I told him that up at home I had a few ounces of cognac that I was saving under lock and key for a possible life saving contingency, and by voting for the candidate he wanted me to, I could be put in durance ville if my home was searched and it was found. My friend pooh-poohed that and added that cognac, spirits frumenti, and all that sort of thing, were all inferior to CASTOR OIL, which he always used, and which, if he had his way, he would compel everybody else to use, and that's that.

A good Bishop composed a special prayer for the deaf (though in parenthesis I want to say that I can't see why

we need a special prayer, different from that of hearing mortals, unless it be in behalf of restoration of our hearing) and incorporated within its beautiful lines a divine thanks offering for our sign language. I am ending my comment abruptly here to tell of a little twelve-year old neighbor of mine, one of those many thousand victims of that awful scourge, infantile paralysis, that swept the country a few years ago, who is wheeled around on a little wagon, since she cannot take a step nor use her left arm. She can only hold her head up because of a steel and aluminum contrivance made for the purpose. It seems to me that it would be an untoward thing for that child to offer thanks for the metal standard that enables her to keep her head up, just as that it seems to me an untoward thing to offer thanks for the sign language that does so much to replace our absent hearing though never does replace it, and, in all reverence, it seems to me that the same power that can give us pitiful substitutes could just as readily answer our appeal, for the real, not the artificial thing.

Like all my brethren of the N. F. S. D., I always keep an eye open for good new material. Sometimes a single argument wins out, and sometimes years pass without seeing fruition, and when it is realized some other member has captured the newcomer's autograph on the dotted line, but that is a mere detail and does not matter as long as we do get the candidate. Often a prospect tells me that he is afraid he cannot pass the medical examination, and that if he should fail, he would be embarrassed the more if his friends generally knew of it. In regard to the first objection the reply can always be made to the effect that it is helpful to know of any physical deterioration or shortcoming, and one can place himself under medical advice most often with the result that the deficiency can be made up or minimized beyond the danger point. Here in New York, we have the Life Extension Society fathered by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., but not limited to their policy holders, which organization urges everyone to go and be examined with a view of prolonging life to the utmost, and no charge is made for the examination, or for the suggestions given for one's own physician to work on. So it is clearly evident the candidate, or prospective candidate, is unjust to himself and unkind to his family when he refuses to take a medical examination for fear his heart or some other organ is not normal. As to the second objection, he can request that when his medical history is read on his application, data should be omitted, and just the bare facts that he could not pass be stated, and this wish would be respected, or the endorser could withdraw the application, merely stating that the applicant's physical shortcomings justified it. In New York the examining surgeons selected by the N. F. S. D. are evidently more conscientious physicians than some of the old line doctors, for there have been several cases where our surgeons have rejected men who were afterward approved by old line companies. Further, the first rejection is not final, nor, for that matter is the second, for a man is given half year periods to build up in, and this has been successfully accomplished, but not as often as it would be if all applicants really benefited by the doctor's advice and obeyed his injunctions.

An article recently telling of the great good one of our homes for the aged is doing, prays for greater success and enlarged sphere of work. Yes and no. If we could have our way, all the aged and the infirm would be cared for by their own flesh and blood, and that would eliminate the reason for these publicly supported homes. There is a pressing need for them, and the good work is being done in most wonderful ways in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, but again, how much happier all these beneficiaries would be if they were not bereft of home ties and the partners of their

joys and sorrows. But it seems to be the way of the world, and we must have the sick and the poor and the dependent with us always, and more's the pity that we do.

Says Brother Camp of the *Illinois Advance*:

"Alexander Pach, New York photographer and prolific and versatile correspondent of the *Silent Worker*, does not like bands composed of deaf or partially deaf boys and he does not hesitate to say so. But then there are in this world of ours a whole lot of things that a whole lot of us do not like a whole lot, but most of us have to grin and bear 'em, as it were." The above has reference to organized bands of men playing musical instruments. We are disposed to agree with our good friend Pach. Such a band composed of totally deaf persons is unthinkable. Unquestionably it would require a whole lot of grinning and bearing to listen to them. If they could shut themselves up in a cave where mortal ear could not hear them while "playing," it would not be so bad, and the time practically wasted would affect only themselves. The harm done by these bands of supposedly deaf people is the misleading effect upon the public. People are too prone to believe impossible things about the deaf, and when they find out that they have been misled they are inclined to go to the other extreme and not give the deaf credit for what they really can do.—*The Oklahoman*.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.—[Beacon Light.

THE REACTION.

"Well how did you enjoy your visit to the dentist's?"

"I was bored to tears."—[Boston Transcript.



MR. AND MRS. HERMAN HARPER
Snapped at West Lake, Birmingham, Ala.

From The Old World

A Deaf-Blind Hero of France

(Specially written for the SILENT WORKER)

By YVONNE PITROIS



MY AMERICAN friend-readers will be surely deeply interested and moved by the fine, pathetic face of the young Frenchman that I am introducing to them today. They will hardly believe, however, that his large, open, expressive eyes are quite useless to him; in fact, they are only artificial eyes of glass. In addition to his total blindness, Paul Houpert is nearly deaf, and his right arm and all the right side of his



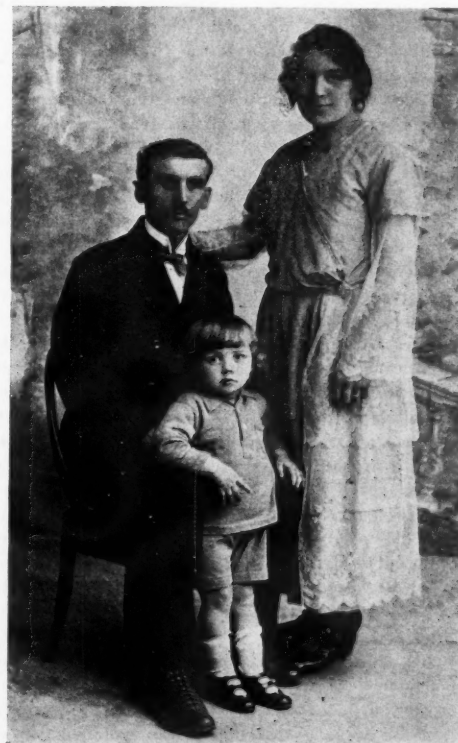
PAUL HOUPERT
A Blind and Deaf Hero of France

body are almost paralyzed. These terrible handicaps are the results of the wounds he received during the Great War. Are they well deserved? The three medals that proudly adorn his poilu's jacket: the War Cross, the Military Medal and, highest of all, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In the other photo, Houpert, in civil attire, is sitting near his young wife and little boy, for he is married, and he wonderfully supports his family as you will see later on. But let me tell you more about my brave friend or, better still, let him speak for himself to you about his tragic experiences. Some time ago, I told him of my intention to publish an article about him in an American magazine devoted to the deaf, and I asked him for an account of his life for my proposed sketch. In answer, he sent me a manuscript of 32 pages, clearly and beautifully typewritten by himself, which I have only to translate into English, abridging some parts of it.

HOUPERT'S LIFE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

I am the son of working people; my parents are Alsatian and being poor, they have had great difficulties to nurse and educate their ten children of which I am the ninth. I was born in a country place of Lorraine, July 25th, 1893. Being a little boy, I adored all sorts of plays and games, and was very skillful at them, but I deeply loved, at the same time, school and study. I was an earnest scholar, and when I was

twelve I successfully passed the examination of the "Certificat d'Etudes." How I should have liked to continue my studies! But my father and mother greatly needed my help, so I heartily renounced my ambition and began to work for the daily bread. Like my older brothers, I became a glass-maker. It is a hard job, especially for a child, for in the manufactories the heat is intense, often suffocating, and the smoke and dust are also very painful to endure, but I never thought of complaining. I rapidly completed my apprenticeship, and when only 16 I was a good worker and earned as high wages as my father. All the day long, even in the hot summer days, I stood by a furnace blowing incandescent glass in long tubes. It was exhausting sometimes, but I felt more proud and happy to be a real help to my dear parents. As a reward, father and mother gave a great surprise to me. From their savings they bought a bicycle. It was my life's dream and I was more delighted than I can say. About the same time, I entered a Society of Music for men and boys of our village. Oh, how I loved music! I easily mastered my art. I passed the examination and was the first to be received among forty pupils. With the Society I went to several



PAUL HOUPERT
With his wife and little boy

places for musical festivals. On such occasions I saw Paris, our beautiful capital (I went there again later on, but without seeing it, alas, Havre and the wide, wide ocean)! I treasure these happy memories, and they are still brightening my everlasting night.

But my boyhood was soon ended; the anxious days of

July, 1914, came and that was War! Among the first soldiers to defend our frontiers, was my brother-in-law. One month after, he was killed at the battle before Nancy.

And then my turn came to become enlisted. It was between patriotic enthusiasm and tears that I bid farewell to my parents and my family, and went to be incorporated with my regiments at Nevers (Nievre). It was in November, 1914; the cold was intense in our wide military barracks, and my bed was so badly placed that I received during nights showers of rain and snow, so I became very, very dangerously ill with bronchitis and fever, and instead of going to the front, I had to go from hospital to hospital for many months. I have a good deal of pleasant recollections, however, of several of my places of treatment, among them a recovery billet installed in a beautiful castle, where I spent three happy months enjoying the large shady park, the flowers, the lake with its endless parties of fishing and boating. In this retreat we had two charming English nurses, and I smoked plenty of English cigarettes which they offered me.

At last I entered convalescence and was able to join my regiment. A short time after, all my battalion was directed by train towards an "unknown direction," that meant towards the front.

We camped for a while in the Meuse, in a place where I could distinctly hear the cannon and see daily the aeroplanes flying over the town; then volunteers were asked for the trenches. I offered myself with others, and soon I was in the terrible section of Verdun.

I cannot describe the life I had to live since this moment—the alternatives of battle and rest, the bombardments, the savage assaults under the thunder of hundreds of guns, the misery of the trenches where we were almost buried alive in the mud and had to defend ourselves against swarming rats, all the dangers and all the sufferings of this daily onslaught with death. But I always kept up courage, even cheerfulness, and smiled at the worst moments, and was ready to offer myself for every perilous mission. I saw *les Eparges*, this awful place with its famous Ravine of Death which has swallowed up over one hundred thousand men—French as well as German; and the *Somme*, where we dabbled in a real marsh. We arrived there in blue horizon uniform, or in khaki, but the following day we all were black with mud from foot to helmet. There we did not march with our legs, but crept with our elbows. After that we went in Champagne. This time we were plunged in chalk, and as it froze very hard, my feet were congealed till my heart. . . . There I volunteered many nights to go with comrades in ambushes. Once we made several Boche prisoners. Happy and proud, we were going again to our trenches, but suddenly our own mitrailleses began to fire at us, and it was a miracle if we were not all killed.

At last, arrived April 17th, 1917—a never-to-be forgotten day. We were ordered to go to the attack at four in the morning. The darkness was intense, the rain fell in torrents; we were heavily charged with our guns, revolvers, grenades, and above our burden, the cold rain fell, fell, fell, we were soaked.

The signal was given. We burst forth on the adversary, amidst the thundering noise of the cannonade; as a grenadier, I was of the first assaulting wave. I ran, I started and suddenly I felt such a shock that I was projected two yards away, I was wounded. It was the first time; it was the last one, too. What a moment! In the dark, my comrades were trampling me in their course. I vainly tried to rise. My two legs seemed to be broken, my eyes hurt me painfully. I tried to take my handkerchief to wipe them and my right arm refused to move. At last succeeded to lift my left hand to my face—and horror! I felt my right eye as big as an egg hanging down on my cheek. The right side of my head was

nothing but a wound. With my left eye, I confusedly saw the rising morning, the assaulting waves passing one after the others. I heard the whistling and wheezing of the shells falling all around me like hail storm, the orders of the chiefs, the clamours of the wounded and the dying.

After a long and terrible suspense, litter-bearers arrived to my rescue. I then noticed that I had fallen just on the corpse of a comrade, my best friend, who had been killed by the same explosion; that pained me very much. Several men, dead or dying, were scattered all around us. The litter-bearers brought me to the ambulance post full of wounded soldiers; the Boches had marked it, and were furiously bombarding it with their big 210. At last, I vaguely felt that a Red Cross man had come to me, and began to cut away every piece of bloody clothing I had on me. . . and all was ended for a while, for in spite of my struggles, I lost all consciousness.

Two days later, I regained consciousness. I was lying on a comfortable bed at the military ambulance of Chalons on the Marne; I could still see a little with my left eye but alas, they were the last rays of light I ever saw, for I soon lost my senses again, and this time for more than twenty days; I had a burning fever and delirium. I was told later on that I laughed all the time and talked nonsense. I did not suffer much, and yet I had 21 wounds, 3 in the left leg, 8 in the right leg, 7 in the right arm, 3 in the head, one of the latter had torn out one of my ears. I was operated on several times, and I was so weak and ill that I did not even feel it. My parents, though very poor, came to pay me a visit, but I was unconscious and hardly noticed them. How painful it must have been for them!

At last one day, I asked for my purse; what a bad surprise! I had been brought to the hospital absolutely bare, rolled in a cover; all my things, my watch, my purse, my pocket-book, my photographs, my fountain pen, all my little treasures had disappeared and I never found them again.

After months of suffering I entered into convalescence; my two eyes being always bandaged, I believed that the left one had been saved. A short time before leaving the hospital, I remembered I tried to raise my frontlet bandages, but the major happened to be there and forbid me to do so, promising me a bottle of champagne wine if I was obedient. I obeyed, and I had my champagne.

Then I felt better, and it was decided that I should be sent to a military hospital in Paris for treatment. One day, blindfolded, the right arm in a sling very weak and partly deaf, ridiculously dressed in an old military outfit, I embarked in a railway car and departed for my destination; the journey seemed very long, and while I was rolling on, I had the idea to inquire what I had under my frontlet. What a disaster! My two orbits were empty. Both my eyes had to be removed, and the doctor had deceived me, promising me that I would see again later on. I was hopelessly blind—blind for all my life. For the first time since I had been wounded, despair seized me; I began to cry out like a child.

This disheartening moment was short, however. I took courage, and before I had reached Paris I had decided to keep brave and cheerful, to never despair, and to look only on the bright side of life. I fulfilled my promise.

I arrived at Paris. I did not know the moment. I supposed it was night; I was led to the hospital of the Val-de-Grace, and the very following day I submitted to the scalpel of the surgeon. A few days later my shoulder had to be sewn up again. It was a hard moment to pass, but I had begun my apprenticeship of courage, and kept it up for months, and strange to say, though blind, partly deaf and crippled, I was a great favorite with everyone—doctors, nurses, and inmates; sick men always claimed me to sing them one of my songs or to cheer them up with jokes. Then I had to

begin to walk all by myself in the large hospital garden, and more than once I met rather rough trees or walls. It was very funny sometimes.

After that, I was sent to the Quinze-vingts, the military hospital and school for the blind. There I decided to learn to read Braille; the thing pleased me greatly. In four hours I had mastered the Braille alphabet and I began to read it with my left hand. I too went to the brush workshop. I quickly understood the job and tried; it was not easy, for I had only my left arm able to move, but with this arm, my mouth and my tongue. I succeeded to make my first brush and was very proud of it.

It is a pity that, on orders of military authorities, I was obliged to change schools several times after that, and was sent to various places of France, at Dijon, St. Maurice, etc., for it is hard for a blind man (especially when he has some other handicap) to become acquainted with new surroundings, new ways and means of communication. Yet I may say that everywhere I went I was loved and petted by everyone. I think my songs and my immovable gaiety were responsible for a great part of my popularity. Even the African negroes, some of them with one or two legs amputated, asked to be brought near me in their rolling chairs, and soon we chatted and laughed and were great chums too.

While I was at St. Maurice's school one day, much to my surprise and pleasure, I received my first letter in Braille. It came from Mademoiselle Yvonne Pitrois, who took great interest in the blind-deaf, and having heard of my case wrote to tell me her kind sympathy; later on, she became my devoted "godmother" and persuaded several ladies, her friends (among them one in Australia) to write to me too and to help me in many ways, so I have for her much esteem and gratitude.

After too many changes, I was sent to the military school for the blind of Reuilly (at Paris.) It was the greatest school for blind soldiers of France. We were about 200 blind men there. Many trades were taught, such as brushmaking, shoe-making, basket-work, thread-making, chair-bottoming, lace-making, tun-making, mattress-making, tuning of pianos, knitting, massage, typewriting, telephony, and so on. I spent two happy years in this school. I learned brush-making, thread-making, lace-making. They were rather difficult jobs to exercise without sight at all, and with only one arm, I succeeded all the same, but preferred machine knitting and it has remained my favorite trade. I studied abbreviated Braille all by myself and typewriting and, above all, I read a good deal, for I adore reading.

But one day, suddenly the "berthas" and "gothas" began their hubbub, the bombs fell constantly in the Rue de Reuilly, even on our school. I had, much against my will, to take a night refuge in the cells, then to go with a party of other blind inmates for a forced season (in summer time) on the Riviera at Monaco just like a millionaire. I enjoyed immensely bathing, even swimming in the sea, and I had many pleasures and diversions with my chums. But the comrades who had remained in Paris claimed for me in all their letters, and telling that they missed sadly their leader; so, though the bombs continued their dance, I decided to go back to Reuilly, and as soon as I was there, the workshops and the whole house took again their gaiety and mirth.

My misfortunes, however, were not yet ended; fifteen days after my return from the Riviera, I was suddenly taken very, very ill with the flu, and had to be taken once more to a hospital, where I laid more dying than living for a while, with an unreasonable fever. As a consequence, abscess came to my old wounds and I had to climb up again several times on the operation table. I have gone through eleven operations in all, and perhaps it is not ended. Well, I never lost heart. I sang in my bed to divert the other sick men, and when I got a little better I played tricks like a mere schoolboy to them all around me. Oh, what a grand time I spent in this hospital. I cannot say how kind everyone was to me. When

I had recovered, and was at Reuilly school again, every week the head of the hospital sent a guide to lead me, and I came to spend the whole day with my wounded and sick friends. I always did my best to continue to cheer them. One day, one young soldier, wounded in the leg, had to be operated on and could not endure the idea. He cried like a two-year old baby; the nurse led me near his bed; she told him what I had suffered and said that I kept a smile all the time. I spoke to him too and tried to give him courage. Soon he ceased to cry and promised me to be brave; in fact, he went through his operation without complaint and did honor to my teaching.

At last the Armistice came, and was enthusiastically celebrated amidst the blind soldiers of Reuilly. Then followed the happy, quiet days of 1919. I had made acquaintance with the maid of one of our nurses, a sweet girl of nineteen. We took many walks together; we still had many more chats. She led me to her parents to introduce me to them. As a consequence, we were married in October, 1919.

The following year, we left Paris to go to live in a little town of the Marne region, where my dear parents are settled, too; we have resided there since. In 1921, a dear baby boy, another Paul, was born to us. He is a bright, intelligent little fellow, and already leads me very well. Unfortunately, my wife is not enjoying good health, and is often sick; it is a great trouble to me. I have many others, especially about my dear parents and family. Two of my brothers have had the misfortune to become blind too. One lost his sight at work at the glass factory; the other brother had lost one eye in the army and has little by little become entirely blind in the second eye, too. From our ten children, my parents have had three blind sons. My infirm brothers live with them as they have little or no means and cannot support themselves, so though my father and mother are over seventy, they have to work still for their living. Of course, I do all I can to help and encourage my poor brothers, for, though I am the youngest, I am their eldest in affliction. I receive a good pension fund from the government—a part for my blindness, a part for my deafness and palsy. But oh, how I would prefer to receive only a pension for my blindness, and to be only blind! Blind hearing men can still have in life so many joys, many interests I am deprived of. Only those who are both blind and deaf can understand what I mean.

But of course, it is useless to complain and grumble; I never do. On the contrary, I keep smiling, and I oblige everyone I may happen to meet to smile too, even to laugh. I am fond of my work, and my knitting and brush-making are great pastimes to me, though it is very difficult to get orders. Once I sold only a dozen brushes a year. I do everything I can in the household, the other day I sawed and brought up to the attic, and piled up a stock of wood. I always love reading, and am forming a personal library of Braille books—history, geography, natural history and other instructive books. I don't care for novels. I have lately studied gardening in Braille books, and have undertaken a garden all by myself. I cultivate in it flowers for my wife, and all sorts of vegetables: cabbage, salads, onions, spinach, potatoes. It is a great resource in these days of dear and difficult living, and I am glad to be able to help my parents and my afflicted brothers in sharing with them products of my garden.

I, too, love walks in our pretty pine woods, fishing and hunting with seeing friends. I am fond of sports, and would like to practice them if I could. You see, dear readers, in spite of all I have my pleasures. My life is worth living and I hope yours is too. So good-bye, and above all *always cheer up*.

PAUL HOUPERT.

To these simple and inspiring words, what may I add? They show so clearly the beautiful character that made Hou-

pert be loved and esteemed by everyone. His fortitude and optimism, his splendid energy, his brave way of triumphing over his afflictions and to help and encourage others, his devotion and generosity to his parents and family. No doubt that my American friends are now *his* friends too, and *his* admirers. It would surely be a great joy to him to receive some proofs of their sympathy. Braille letters, either from American blind soldiers, his brothers in arms, either from deaf or deaf-blind persons. His address is: MONSIEUR PAUL HOUPERT, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur Quartier des Quatre Chemins Bar-Sur-Seine (Aube) France. Will any of my readers stretch out across the waves a friendly hand to this hero of the Great War—the hero of life's everyday struggles?

Trenton Nads Celebrate Fifth Anniversary

The Trenton Branch of the National Association of the Deaf celebrated its fifth anniversary by holding a banquet at Hillwood Inn, on the evening of December 12th. The attendance was limited to members only. At 7:30 forty sat down to a long table in the banquet hall, which was brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated.

In the center of the long table was a huge birthday "cake" with five one-foot candles. Concealed within the fake "cake" were forty favors, each having a red silk ribbon at-



THE FAKE "CAKE"

tached and extending to each plate. The place cards had a colored picture of the identical fake cake and the menu cards also contained the cake imprint. President Dondiego asked Alvin E. Pope, Supt. of the N. J. School, to cut the cake and after several attempts he discovered that the supposed cake was nothing but tough card board ingeniously smeared with real frosting. Then the "cake" was lifted off the table revealing the favors which consisted of small boxes of candy.

The principal speaker was Alvin E. Pope. He complimented the Nads on the good work it was doing for advancing the interests of the deaf and expressed the hope it would grow into a powerful organization because its objects were constructive.

Dancing and card playing followed.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Alvin E. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Brill, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Hans P. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beatty, Mrs. Ella B. Lloyd, Mrs. Josephine Stephenson, Mrs. John A. Fraser, Mrs. Mollie Kearny, Mrs. G. Goltra, Miss Ruby Molohon, Miss Katie McVean, Miss Emily Sterck, Miss

Muriel Gilmore, B. Howard Sharp, Edwin Markley, Kelly Stevens, John Boatwright, Vito Dondiego, Parker Jerrell, Francis Purcell, Walter Morgan, Charles Dobbins, Walter Mannen, Charles Trescott, and Joshua Wilkinson.

Those who had never been to the Inn before expressed surprise and pleasure at the attractive surroundings and the excellence of the food and service.

As the Inn is located some eight miles beyond the city limits those who had automobiles conveyed the party to and from their homes.

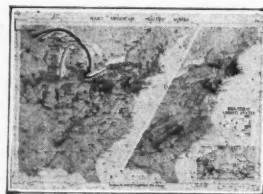
The committee in charge of the affair was made up of Mrs. G. S. Porter, Chairman; Kelly Stevens, Mrs. Lloyd and Parker Jerrell.

Many who were not members wanted to join the festivities and felt disappointed because it was an exclusive affair. Next time the Nads have a celebration it is hoped these disappointed ones will be on the membership roster.

AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS MAPS

44x32 Inches

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| A 1. World of Columbus | A13. Land and water Routes |
| A 2. World Explorations | A15. Secession, 1860-1861 |
| A 3. Caribbean Settlement | A16. Civil War, 1861-1865 |
| A 4. International Rivalries | A17. Abolition and Reconstruction |
| A 5. English Colonial Grants | A18. Western Statehood and Grants |
| A 6. Partition of America | A20. Resources and Conservation |
| A 7. Colonial Commerce and Industries | A21. Industrial U.S. |
| A 8. Revolutionary War | A22. Agricultural U.S. |
| A 9. State Claims and Ratification | A23. U.S. in the Caribbean |
| A10. Westward Movement | A24. Greater United States |
| A11. Louisiana Purchase | A27. U. S. Population Density, 1920 |
| A12. Territorial Acquisitions | |



These maps are edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, and Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California.

The above maps can be had in many different styles of mounting.

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ENGLISH PHRASES AND IDIOMS
Written by Dr. J. L. Smith, a deaf man and head teacher in the School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minn., and published by the Ohio School. It is in a sense a self educator in language. Price \$1.50. By mail post paid, \$1.60. The book will be sent on receipt of this amount.

Address, State School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.

New Jersey Deaf Raising Money *to Fight for their Rights*

Step Lively, Please!

Although contributions are steadily pouring into the New Jersey Auto Fund, the money does not seem to come fast enough. This, however, doesn't mean that the committee has been idle. On the contrary they are figuratively working their heads off to raise the necessary \$1,100 now that the Legislature is in session. Of this amount \$1,000 is to be the lawyer's portion, under the following terms: \$500 as retainer fee and an additional \$500 if our case is won. The \$100 is for incidental expenses.

President Dondiego of the State Branch of the N. A. D. wishes to announce that he has added Messrs. Alfred Shaw and Albert Neger to the committee. The purpose in appointing those two non-members to the auto committee is, that the matter may have the widest representation in the state. The majority of the deaf of New Jersey are non-members of the N. A. D. and it is therefore entirely proper to see that they are represented.

The complete personnel of the New Jersey Automobile Fund Committee is as follows: W. W. Beadell (chairman), Kenneth Murphy, E. B. Ernst, Alfred Shaw and Albert Neger.

Mr. Kenneth Murphy is treasurer and all contributions should be sent to him. Address him care of the SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

MILES SWEENEY,
Sec. N. J. Branch N. A. D.

Are You With Us?

Though this campaign for funds might by chance be of more or less interest to the deaf throughout the country; it should appeal more strongly to those who live within the boundaries of New Jersey. Even though, like the recent Pennsylvania victory, it may serve strongly as an outstanding precedent for others, the larger part of the backing is of course supposed to come from within the boundaries of New Jersey—the state within which the right for which we are fighting will be limited.

Times is a powerful opponent. Commissioner Dill believes that the deaf, as a rule, are physically unfit. This discrimination puts us in a class with the crippled and near blind. We should lose no time to bring pressure and correct this error, otherwise through the commissioner's "preaching," the public will be ill informed and opposed to our favors.

The Trenton branch of the N. A. D. has shown much interest toward this worthy cause by making an emergency loan without surety in order that the fund committee could go straight ahead without further delay and engage counsel.

This will be looked up to by other such organizations throughout the state and it is hoped that they will willingly do their part towards this fund.

Contributions received at the SILENT WORKER office up to December 11th are as follows:

RECEIPTS

W. W. Beadell	\$ 10.00
Elton Williams	10.00
Vito Dondiego	10.00
Chas. R. Dobbins	10.00
A. D. Salmon	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore	10.00

John T. Boatwright	5.00
W. E. Wilmot	5.00
Andrew Dziak	5.00
Wadsworth Jenkins	5.00
Kenneth Murphy	5.00
Hapward Family	4.00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Porter	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sweeney	2.00
Bill Buchanan	2.00
Joe Higgins	2.00
James Parker	2.00
E. Park	2.00
Thomas A. Lynam	2.00
Frank Nutt	2.00
George Hummel	2.00
Edward Park	2.00
Edward Cashell	1.00
Alex. Anlus	1.00
George G. Killes	1.00
A. M. Portee	1.00
Edward Campbell	1.00
Mrs. E. Brown	1.00
Adolph Krokenberger	1.00
David Spuce	1.00
Edward Cashell	1.00
Howard Ferguson	1.00
Wm. A. McIntyre	1.00
Chas. W. Colberg	1.00
Joe Allen	1.00
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Emily Hirsch	1.00
Grace A. Spatz	1.00
John J. Keohane	1.00
Albert Corell	1.00
Emily Sterck	1.00
Stephen J. Dundon	1.00
Ella R. McClelland	1.00
Dewitt C. Staats	1.00
Owen Coyne	1.00
William P. Felts	1.00
Isadore Oliver	1.00
Ralph Barbarulo	1.00
James Davison	1.00
Ernest De Laura	1.00
Micheal Morello	1.00
Harry E. Dixon	1.00
Angelo Avallone	1.00
Joshua Wilkinson	1.00
Kelly H. Stevens	1.00
Russell Jackson	1.00
Alfred Titus	1.00
Geo. F. Morris	1.00
Jack Hunter	1.00
Willie Hunter50
William O. Brein50
Lawrence Timer50
Robert Clayton50
Charles Miller25

Total to date	\$ 148.25
Trenton N. A. D. Loan	300.00
Cash on hand	\$ 448.25

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPEEditor.
GEORGE S. PORTERAssociate Editor and Business Mgr.

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The *Silent Worker* is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



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JANUARY, 1925

No. 4

The New Year

With the advent of the new year the SILENT WORKER wishes to see:

1. More interest shown in the National Association of the Deaf.
2. Increased membership in the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.
3. Greater educational advantages for the deaf everywhere.
4. Automobile legislation favorable to deaf drivers.
5. The manual alphabet as a part of the curriculum of public schools.
6. A larger circulation of this magazine.
7. More boosters and fewer knockers.

A Great Credit to the Deaf

THE LOS ANGELES SPRING BED COMPANY

Los Angeles, California

November 19, 1924.

Mr. Alvin E. Pope,
Editor of The Silent Worker,
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:

I have taken the subscription of your worthy magazine to keep me closer informed as to how the silent workers are carrying on their work.

We have now in our employ fifteen deaf and dumb boys that I think the world and all of. They are very industrious and capable workers and I also find that they hold the respect of all other employees in the plant, that they have contributed their part to building up our factory to an increased capacity of about 200 per cent. in the short period of nine months.

We will from time to time add more of these fellows to our pay roll as the plant grows. I am also glad to say that we have

as foreman of our plant, William Davis, also deaf and dumb, and his two brothers working here.

At any time you, or any of your Silent Workers are visiting in Los Angeles, you have my kind invitation to visit our plant. I am

Yours very truly,

CHAS. LOFMAN,

Superintendent.

It is a pleasure to know that the deaf employees of the above factory are so well spoken of by the superintendent and we feel sure that our readers will feel elated over such a kind and generous expression. There are many other factory heads and foremen in different parts of the country who have expressed the same sentiments as regards the deaf as workers. They are not only "Silent Workers" in name but efficient workers in fact.

A Medical, Educational and Social Study of the Deaf

We are in receipt of a copy of "Les Sourds-Muets, Etude medicale, pedagogique et sociale"—The Deaf-Mute, A medical, educational and social study—sent to us by one of the authors, Mme. Georges Lamarque, who is an instructor at the National Institute for the Deaf in Paris. It is a book of about 450 pages, illustrated by many cuts, and, as the title indicates, is divided into three parts.

The medical treatise, edited by Dr. G. de Parrel, former Chief Physician of the Paris Institute, discusses very fully the causes of deafness and recommends certain prophylactic measures for the diminution of deafness, especially the education of the public in the matter of preventative medicine as regards the diseases chiefly responsible for deafness, viz: syphilis, spinal meningitis, scarlet fever, etc. We are surprised at the prominence he gives to the first of these diseases as a cause, claiming twenty-five per cent of all hereditary deafness due to this cause, because an analysis of the cases in our schools here certainly does not warrant any such conclusion. Very complete physical examinations seem to be made and full records kept in the various schools in France, and the residual hearing is carefully tested. No mention, however, is made of the audiometer which has become the standard instrument for measuring the amount of hearing of our pupils.

The chapters on the education of the deaf, both academic and industrial, form, by far, the larger part of the book. Judging from the account here, the method used in all the French schools is oral, not to say "pure oral." Speech and lip-reading are considered not only the means of instruction but also the chief aims of the education of the deaf in the academic department. The author claims the oral method to be a French method, because it was by the first French teacher, Pereire, and says that even de l'Epee tried to teach his pupils to talk as long as their number was small, and only when their

number increased, did he use the sign method exclusively. At the school in Paris there is a special speech laboratory, equipped with the latest inventions, where experimental work is carried on with the object of improving the teaching of speech.

Detailed descriptions are given of the work done at the schools in Paris, Bordeaux, Chambery, Metz, Assnieres, Lyon, Bourg-la-Reine, Nantes, and Ronchin-Lille, followed by a list of the various other schools in France. In all, there are about five thousand deaf children of school age in the country, five hundred of these not being under instruction.

There is an especially interesting chapter on "The Deaf Child and the Normal Child," comparing their psychology and development of senses, which deserves careful study.

In the social chapters, the after-school life of the deaf is taken up, the place they take in society, their civil and political rights, their achievements and their aspirations. Occasional references are made to the status of the deaf in the United States, especially to the leadership of the Gallaudet College.

Although the book is primarily written for physicians, parents of deaf children, and teachers of the deaf, it should also be of interest to the general public and be of great value in educating them regarding the problems of the deaf. A study and report along similar lines would not be out of place in this country.

Getting the Manual Alphabet in the Public Schools

Out in Topeka, Kansas, there is one woman who is giving a good deal of her time and thought towards helping all the deaf without expecting any reward. Her name is Mrs. Emma T. Wood. To her credit she has had five bills put through the Kansas legislature for children. The last one to become a law was to obligate counties sending children to the State School for the Deaf at Olathe to clothe them. Now she is hoping to get a bill passed in the legislature this winter compelling Boards of Education to have the manual alphabet placed across the top of every blackboard in Kansas and printed in every primer and school reader.

One school in that ever experimental and progressive State of Kansas has already given Mrs. Wood the privilege of presenting and hanging on the walls of its auditorium a very handsomely crayoned manual alphabet, done by Sara Hargreaves Croxton, who stood before that large assembly and made each letter with her supple fingers to the intense interest of both teachers and pupils. That card has now been there since May 30, 1924. No disturbance has arisen from its use in that school. The pupils consider it an honor to help make history for thus furthering the education and happiness of the deaf by bringing them into closer touch with the hearing. In other words they recognize that

they are helping to establish a new custom and that to establish a custom is to do something that last a good while.

It seems that the only logical way to get hearing people to learn to spell on their fingers is to start them in early childhood, for once learned they will never forget it. By its use they become better spellers as is attested by the children of deaf parents who attend the public schools. Many school children in the neighborhood of the New Jersey School have called at the SILENT WORKER office to get alphabet cards and through this means we have given away hundreds of cards to them. It is surprising how many of these children know how to spell on their fingers, for many of them stop to talk with the deaf children when they see the chance to do so.

It appears to us that getting the manual alphabet introduced into the curriculum of the public schools would go a long way towards "restoring the deaf to society." Lip reading is all right for those who like it, but manual spelling is the better way, because it eliminates guess work so often met with by even the best lip readers.

It is easy for us to imagine the great and lasting good which the introduction of the manual alphabet into the public schools would have upon the lives of future generations of the deaf. Out of school the deaf go by themselves, because few hearing people take the trouble to communicate with them for the reason they do not know how to communicate with their fingers and have no pencil and pad. How different it will be when they do know how, for then they will find it a pleasure rather than a trouble to communicate with their deaf acquaintances.

Should Mrs. Wood succeed in getting the bill passed it will then prove a great incentive for the National Association of the Deaf to take hold of the matter and have a similar bill passed by the Federal Government. It is needless to say that Mrs. Wood's efforts will be watched with great interest by all lands that have spent money for the education of the deaf. To instruct the hearing world how to educate itself sufficiently to talk readily with, and appreciate, the wonderful attainments of the deaf is "an idea whose time has come."

Victor Hugo once said: "Stronger than armies is an idea whose time has come," and this is Mrs. Wood's slogan.

Our Sympathy

Alexander L. Pach, our oldest contributor, has the sympathy of his numerous friends in the loss of his dear mother who died recently in the 68th year of her life. Mr. Pach was much attached to his mother and made it a point to visit her at least once a month and to write to her three times a week, for many years. She lived in Red Bank, N. J., and was not unknown to many of the deaf.

ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

Kansas Wins National Football Championship

KANSAS is still unbeaten; its goal line is yet to be crossed by another state school for the deaf eleven—in fact the Kansas School for the Deaf lays claim to the National Championship of American Schools for the Deaf.

With trumpets blaring and a cockadoodledoo issuing from their proud lips, the Illinois School for the Deaf football team marched into Olathe Thanksgiving morning, after having spent a very restful night in one of the leading hotels in Kansas City, only twenty-two miles from Olathe. They were confident, perhaps a bit too much, but so confident that they had made arrangements for the band of the Illinois School under Major Fancher to get in Olathe in the afternoon, just before the game, and thus cheer them on to victory. As a supplement to the band, Col. O. C. Smith, Superintendent, and his wife, and ten teachers were also included. When the delegation arrived in Olathe it was further augmented by the addition of Dr. Cloud of St. Louis, an alumnus of Illinois.

The band took the field first and before a crowd of approximately 1200, marched down the field in battalion formation amid great applause. The band was followed shortly afterwards by the Illinois squads, comprising of twenty-two men, or two full teams, led by Coach S. Robey Burns. The two teams went through the customary warm up and were then assembled together to be photographed. The Kansas squad of eighteen men then appeared on the field. After going through a short signal drill, they were also photographed.

Captains Ringle of Kansas and Sellers of Illinois, with Coaches Foltz and Burns, met in the middle of the field with the officials, Don Wilhelm, Referee of Kansas City, John J. Marty, Umpire of Gallaudet, and Head Linesman, Oscar Phelps of Emporia Normal. Captain Ringle won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Illinois kicked off. Kansas fumbled on the second line plunge on the twenty yard line and Illinois worked the ball to the fifteen yard line, where a place kick was tried, but blocked. The ball was recovered by Illinois and another place kick was soon attempted, but again the ball was blocked. Kansas now had possession of the ball and soon ploughed its way down the field out of danger. The quarter ended 0 to 0. In the second quarter, Kansas worked the ball down the field and Captain Ringle went around end for the first touchdown of the game. Again with a smashing and driving attack, Kansas was three yards from the goal line when the whistle ended the half. Score, Kansas 6, Illinois 0.

The second half found the Jayhawkers a more determined bunch. After kicking off, Kansas downed Crabbe, Illinois fullback in his tracks on the eight yard line. Illinois promptly punted. Then unravelling a style of attack that fairly dazzled with brilliancy, including fake plays, criss-crosses, double and triple passes, forward passes and behind beautiful interference, Kansas scored practically at will. Illinois was able to make but one first down in the last half, so stubborn was the defense of the Jayhawkers. The second touchdown of the game was a wonderful exhibition of ac-



Back row (standing)—Kochin, sub., Olson, sub., Fuhr, sub., Bantam, sub., Morra, sub., Middle row (standing)—Foltz, coach, (Sitting) Sherman, r.e., Phillips, r.t., Kistler, r.g., Baldwin, l.h.b., Ringle, Cant., f.b., Bantam, sub., Price, c., Cain, l.g., Buselt, l.t., A. A. Stewart, Supt. (Standing)—Marshall, Ass't. coach, Bottom row: Langdale, sub., Jendritz, q.b., Andrews, sub., Cline, l.e.

curate handling of the ball by Stanley Jendritz, Kansas' great little quarterback. Until last November Jendritz was only fourteen years old, yet in this game he handled himself like a veteran. On this particular play, he handled the ball so perfectly that the whole Illinois team did not know who had the ball until Captain Ringle walked across the goal line and planted the ball behind the uprights. Even the vast crowd did not know how the play worked. Kansas made three more touchdowns in the third quarter and three more in the last, making a total of seven touchdowns, making the final score, Kansas 44, Illinois 0.

Below is a record of the Kansas team against other state schools:

1920 Kansas	32	Missouri	0
1921 Kansas	26	Missouri	0
1922 Kansas	38	Iowa	0
1922 Kansas	73	Missouri	0
1923 Kansas	6	Illinois	0
1924 Kansas	44	Illinois	0

Kansas is trying to arrange a game with either the Colorado or Oklahoma Schools for next year and followers of the team are confident that the team will maintain its record of never having its goal line crossed by another deaf eleven. The average weight of the team is 161 pounds and the average age 18½.

The 1924 record of the Kansas team is as follows:

K. S. D.	6	Wentworth M. A.	7
K. S. D.	6	Kansas City University .	6
K. S. D.	27	Rosedale High School ..	2
K. S. D.	34	Ft. Scott Junior College .	0
K. S. D.	30	Rockhurst College	6
K. S. D.	33	Ottawa U. Freshmen ...	18
K. S. D.	44	Illinois S. D.	0

The team will be without the services of six players when the 1925 season opens, but with an abundance of Reserve material, no difficulty is anticipated in turning out another great eleven.

BRITISH ATHLETES IN OLYMPICS FOR THE DEAF IN PARIS

The Rev. Vernon Jones, M.A., organized a party of English deaf athletes, under the auspices of the British Deaf Association, to take part in the International Sports for the Deaf—the first of their kind ever held—that took place recently at the Pershing Stadium, in Paris. The British team won the challenge cups for tennis doubles and swimming relay races, and also won prizes for diving and shooting. In Association football the English team beat Belgium by 4 goals to 1. This novel form of international sports contest was attended by a large crowd, who were deeply impressed by the cheeriness and adaptability of the competitors, all of whom not only entered heartily into the spirit of the meeting, but derived great pleasure from the outing. Before leaving Paris, wreaths were laid on the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier" under the Arc de Triomphe, on behalf of the British Deaf Association and the Deaf Ladies of Great Britain.

KANSAS AND FOLLY AGAIN

That combination of Kansas spirit and Folly were again too much for Coach Burns and his proteges from Illinois with Prof. Fancher's band thrown in for good measure. Last year the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Kansas. The game was played in eight inches of mud, but this year the score was 44 to 0—and no mud.

Coach Burn's team with its Zuppke system of plays, had gone through a very successful season against High School teams and was expected to give Kansas a hard fight, but—

The Kansas team with its Foltz-Marshall Gallaudet system

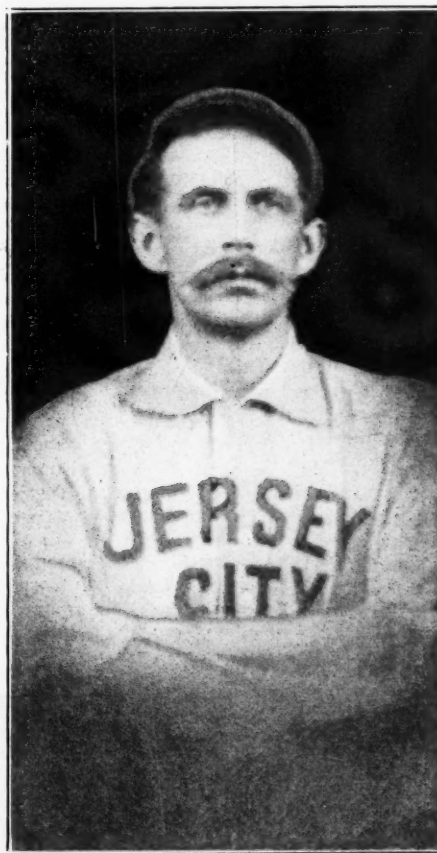
had also enjoyed an unusually successful season. The difference was that it played college and college reserve teams instead of high schools. Kansas was expected to have its hands full, but—

The score was 44 to 0.

We have not as yet heard the particulars of the game, but we know Coach Burns. He is not of the sort that makes excuses. He will make none this time either and will concur with us in that Kansas had the better team; that it is without a doubt the strongest team of all the deaf schools in the country, not excepting Mt. Airy.

All hail Kansas!

—O—O—



REUBEN C. STEPHENSON

Reuben C. Stephenson has passed on. He has gone to his favorite playgrounds where the climate is always ideal. Reuben was one of the best baseball players of his time, a fine fielder and a hard hitter. Nine times out of ten, with a man on third, he could be relied upon to bring the man home with a clean hit or sacrifice.

Stephenson started his career at the Trenton School and it was not long before he was in demand on the sand lots of the city. Camden then snapped him up from whence he was soon induced to apply his signature to a juicy contract with the Philadelphia National League Club.

He was an extremely likeable and popular man.

GALLAUDET

It was a real treat to see this year's Gallaudet team in action against St. Josephs of Philadelphia. Gallaudet has a very good team, perhaps one of the best in its history. It has the necessary weight, speed, and most of all, a brainy

quarterback, a vital cog that has been missed for some time. But of course we do not mean to detract any glory from the other players, for where would a brainy quarterback be without those fellows, every one of whom knew how to play his position like a veteran. Every man of the team was a credit to Gallaudet.

The team passed through a very difficult schedule and won all games but one, and tied one.

Coach Hughes did wonders.

IOWA BEATS NEBRASKA

The Iowa School is rapidly forging to the front in the realm of athletics. Football had its inception there less than three years ago, while Nebraska has been handling pigskins since time immemorial. But Iowa defeated Nebraska 8 to 0 this year.

Reason? Taylor and Marty, both of whom understand the deaf—and what's more, know their business.

COMING FROM BEHIND

Humanity is divided into two groups: those who quit under fire and those who never give up. Heroes are bred out of the latter. Recognition is herein given the 1924 football team of the Iowa School for the Deaf, Captain Jacob Oordt, Coach Luther Taylor and his assistants, for a wonderful exhibition of the spirit of those who never say die.

After struggling bravely through a succession of hard games in which scoreless defeat was their invariable lot, in which misplays were frequent and fumbles costly, the boys saw their one big game of the season approaching, the annual contest with the Nebraska School for the Deaf. They had read large tales of the prowess of the foe, of smashing victories over Nebraska High School opponents. The outlook seemed anything but rosy. Brought together to discuss their crucial game, the Iowans faced the situation squarely and bravely. They reached a perfect agreement on the proposition that since nothing is impossible, Nebraska was not unbeatable.

"Sweet" indeed "are the uses of adversity." In the case of our young Iowans it was nothing so much as the unbroken series of disasters which brought out the real stuff that was

in them. They determined to "stage their come-back" against their most powerful rivals. With the unshaken loyalty of every pupil in the Iowa School back of them, they settled down to preparation. The result is history.

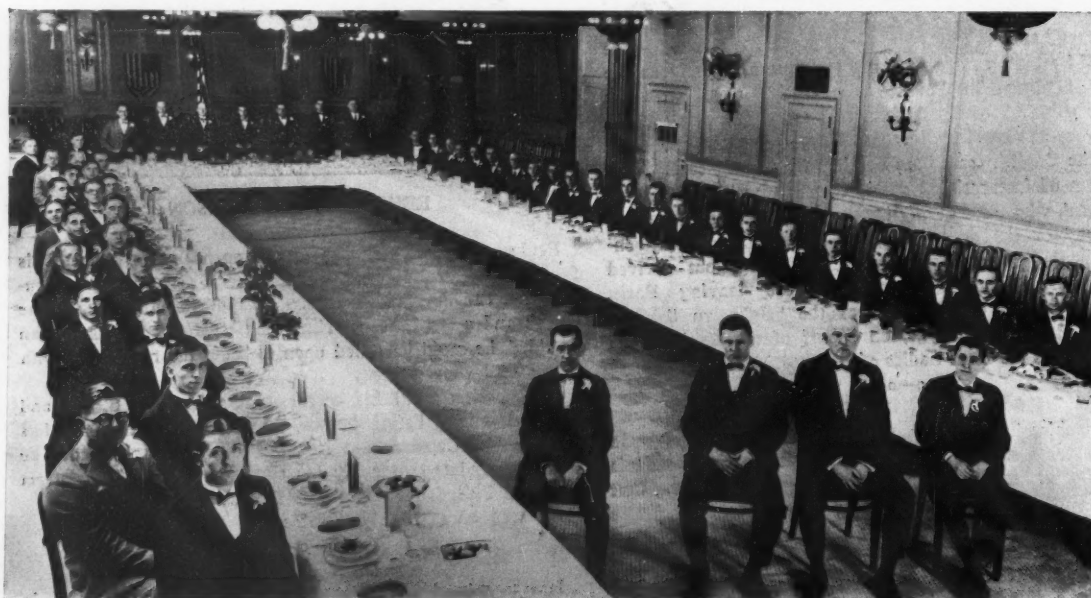
In that crucial game the Iowa team's reversal of form was so remarkable that even its most loyal supporters were amazed. Not only did it hold the powerful Nebraska scoring combination helpless, but it contrived to hold its position favorable to the play in the closing moments of the game which brought well earned victory.

The value of this victory in the lives of Iowa's boys is inestimable. The manner in which it was brought about, through grim determination in the face of the most unfavorable circumstances, through preparation which overlooked no detail, through relentless pounding of tired, bruised young bodies against the slowly crumpling wall of the opposition, through "the everlasting teamwork of every bloomin' soul," all served to impress upon these boys the point of one of life's great lessons, that "a battle is never lost until you admit defeat."—Tom L. Anderson in *Iowa Hawkeye*.

MT. AIRY

Mt. Airy enjoyed a very successful football season. That school always does. Football is football of the real sort down there. It won the High School Championship of the City of Philadelphia. But was it satisfied? Not by a "jugful"—though such things are very rare these days. It decided to try to add the scalp of Ridley High to its belt. This school had clinched the championship of Delaware county, a neighbor to that of Mt. Airy. Some nervy promoter (We wish we had a few such animals in our vicinity.) guaranteed both teams \$1500 each. They met in the Philadelphia National League baseball park. It was raining cats and dogs and the sod was so slippery, worse than the hide of one of Coach Folly's cat fishes. Naturally Mt. Airy could not resort to its tricks and was only able to secure a tie, 3-3, though Sheppard, its best back, once crossed the goal line for a touch-down. The ball was called back as both sides were off-side on that play.

Here's hoping it will not rain again at the wrong time next year.



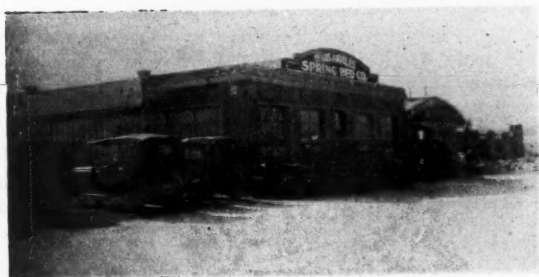
BANQUET OF THE SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1924

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



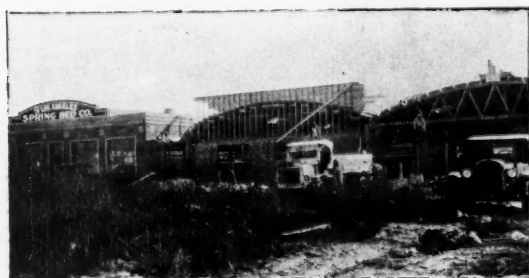
HERE has been a good deal of unemployment among the Los Angeles deaf during the past year, so there is reason for rejoicing over one unusual development, and that is the taking on of more and more deaf men by the Los Angeles Spring Bed Company, of South Los Angeles. We recently visited the plant, drawn there by the report that the Superintendent, Charles Lofman, is much interested in his deaf workmen. He recently subscribed to *THE SILENT WORKER*, which was shown to him by William M. Davis, who has been appointed-foreman of the fifteen deaf men now working there. Last May I mentioned the Davis brothers, at that time Francis



Plant of the Los Angeles Spring Bed Co.

was the only one employed at this plant, William was working the night shift of a Radio magazine and John on the night shift at the Goodyear Company, but they preferred day work, so first "Bill," and then John were added to the Spring Bed Company's payroll.

Mr. Lofman, who had been told we were coming, received us courteously, and we spied the *SILENT WORKER* on his desk. He said "Bill" Davis was the foreman of the deaf employees and presently called him into the office, and then showed us the architect's plans for the South Los Angeles Athletic Club Building, of which club he is a director. In this part of town



Two new units in course of construction at the Los Angeles Spring Bed Co., at 730-742 E. 60th St., Los Angeles.

are many factories, and it is planned that all these factory workers will be members of this club.

We now went with Mr. Davis and saw the men at work. The deaf men do different parts of the work of attaching the springs to the frames, and I was at once impressed by the fact that it was an excellent occupation for a deaf man, once having mastered his job no further instructions being necessary. The machines are all operated by hearing men, which is as it should be. A large addition to the plant is now under construction, and makes the third unit to be added since the plant turned out its first springs last February.

We quote the following from a newspaper interview with Charles H. Gail, vice-president and general manager of the concern:

"Some idea of the immense demand for Los Angeles made furniture is shown by the fact that this concern has been running twenty-four hours a day since July 15 in order to keep up with its orders.

With an output worth approximately \$40,000 a month, a payroll of close to \$10,000 a month and a present capacity of nearly 6000 bedsprings every month, all these figures will be doubled, it is anticipated, with the completion of the new units early in January.

The two new units now under construction will add 30,000 square feet of floor space to the structure, making a total of 40,000 square feet, including the present plant."

Conducted by our enthusiastic guide, Mr. Davis, we saw all the steps in the making of the springs, the welding and punching of the frames, the twisting of the wire for the springs, attaching them to the frames, and some finished springs being given a one minute paint immersion. Various kinds and sizes of springs are made, from the cheaper grades to the more expensive.

Coming back to Supt. Lofman's office again he gave us a



Left to right—Supt. Lofman, Manager Gail, (hearing man) Preston, Patrick, Wilder, Crockett, Blanc, F. Davis, H. Watt. Below—J. P. Davis, Keene Kuhn, Wm. Davis, Kelly Moeller, and Pankey.

letter for Editor Pope, of the *SILENT WORKER*. He let us read it and we were much pleased at this further proof of his interest in his silent workers. Would that there were more employers like him!



The quality of being loyal to his old school, his old State Association, his Frat Division, The N. A. D., his club, etc., is an admiration and strongly ingrained trait of the character of J. Orrie Harris, once a Hawkeye, and the first of the deaf Iowans to come to Los Angeles. The writer remembers that once at a convention of the Iowa Association the President read a letter of greeting from Harris and commented on the fact of his remaining a member which is not always done by those who leave the state.

Mr. Harris is a graduate of the Iowa School for the Deaf, Class of 1896, where he learned the printer's trade. He had a year at Gallaudet College with the class of '01. Since his seventeenth year he has been entirely self-supporting, although he cannot speak or hear. After leaving college he planned to become a farmer, and worked on a farm for several years, but then gave up that plan and worked as a printer the next two years.

In the winter of 1904, a strenuous effort was made by the-



J. ORRIE HARRIS
As he is today.

Iowa Association of the Deaf to have the Iowa School for the Deaf removed from Council Bluffs to Des Moines. The main building of the school was burned down in May, 1902, but other buildings were left intact, and some temporary structures were erected, and the school went on as usual. Many people, both deaf and hearing, thought that the location at Council Bluffs, in the extreme western corner of the state, was not the best one for the school and that it should be removed to Des Moines. The Iowa Association appointed J. Orrie Harris and seven other deaf residents of Des Moines as active lobbyists during the session of the Legislature. They had many talks with members of the Senate and House, and it was said they created a favorable impression of the abilities of the deaf, and came near winning the fight, but the vote in the appropriations committee stood 9 to 7, and Council Bluffs gained the present palatial school.

Mr. Harris's health had become impaired while working as a printer, and urged by his sister he came with her and her family to Los Angeles, on December 1, 1906. He had various indoor and outdoor jobs, but always found that his health suffered when working indoors. Since June, 1917, he has been in the employ of the Department of Public Service as a laborer, and finds that this outdoor work has benefitted his health.

He is a charter member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and was a member of Chicago Division No. 1, from May, 1905, to January, 1910.

He founded Los Angeles Division No. 27, on January 12, 1910, with ten charter members including himself. It was a brave venture, for at that time there were no indications of the troops of the deaf who were to come later, and this division now has over a hundred members. Mr. Harris has held many offices in this division, including that of President during

1918, and was a delegate to the Columbus, Ohio, Convention of the N. F. S. D. in 1912.

He is a life member of the N. A. D., and a member of the Public Service Employees' Association, of Los Angeles. He was one of the prime movers in forming the Iowa-Nebraska Association of Southern California and twice served as their President. Also a member of the California Association of the Deaf, and a charter member of the Los Angeles Silent Club. We do not know if it is Mr. Harris' interest in various clubs and societies which has kept him safe from the wiles of Dan Cupid, but he still remains a bachelor.

The Department of Public Service, which means the combined Bureaus of Water, Power, and Light, of the City of Los Angeles, called its 3000 employees together on September 18th, 1924, at Trinity Auditorium, at what was termed one of the largest affairs of its kind ever staged in Los Angeles. After an entertaining program President Del Valle, of the Board of Public Service Commissioners, presented medals to the employees in accordance with their years of service. 1, to those in service more than twenty-five years; 2, to those in service more than twenty years; 3, to those in service more than fifteen years; 4, to those in service more than ten years; 5, to those in service more than five years; 6, to those in service more than one year. Our friend, J. Orrie Harris, was among those to receive an emblem in the class of those who have been in service more than five years. He has been in the employ of the Water Department during the last eight



J. ORRIE HARRIS
At the time he was a delegate to the 1912, Columbus, O.,
Convention of the N. F. S. D.

years. The medals are very handsome, and are in different colors, one star indicates over five years service, two stars indicate over ten years service, and so on. The design is the emblem of the city of Los Angeles.

New York friends of Mr. and Mrs. Aurelius D. Ruggero will be glad to learn of the happiness and prosperity which has followed them since they came to Los Angeles. Mr. Ruggero and his parents falling victims to the lure of Sunny California and its famed climate came to Los Angeles from New York in 1921. He is a graduate of the Fanwood School, and after searching for a job, he took the Civil Service Examination, and landed a position in the U. S. Post Office,

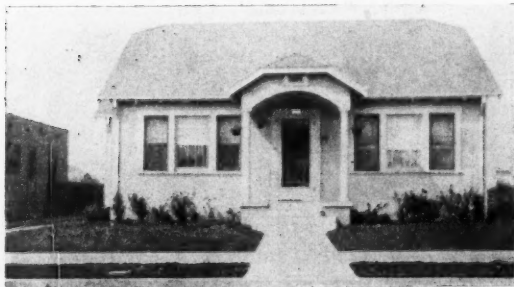


Built by Contractor Tom Singleton, a deaf-mute, for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggero

being the only deaf man in Los Angeles who has such a position.

The former Miss Nadine LaVond, also a graduate of Fanwood, had been his sweetheart during his school days. It was a strange coincidence that she later came to California because her folks live in San Francisco, and while going through Los Angeles, she saw Mr. Ruggero again. She later came back to Los Angeles and soon they were engaged and married. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggero have always taken much interest in the affairs of the Los Angeles Silent Club, and a year or so ago, when Mr. Ruggero was elected President of the club, his wife was elected Secretary; this was an effective combination for efficiency and harmony.

Several years ago Mr. Ruggero had bought a lot in one of



Completed June 14, 1924. Built by a deaf carpenter, Tom Singleton.

the new sub-divisions, and since their marriage about two years ago, they had been ambitious of having a home of their own. This dream was realized last summer when a deaf contractor and carpenter, Tom Singleton, built a charming bungalow for them, according to their own ideas and plans. They had a house-warming of their new home, Sunday afternoon and evening, October 26th. After the guests had inspected the cozy and very conveniently arranged rooms of the bungalow, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggero were told to be seated in the middle of the living-room, and here they opened the packages brought by their friends, receiving many gifts both useful and beauti-

ful. After refreshments were served, as it was near Halloween, the occasion was used for telling some stories and playing some Halloween parlor games. Some of these were imported from Illinois by Clarence Murdey, and had not been seen



MR. AND MRS. AURELIUS D. RUGGERS
Los Angeles, California.

before in these parts, and were very amusing. Altogether it was a very enjoyable party, and the guests departed wishing the young couple many years of enjoyment of the new home on Palm Grove Avenue, acquired through their own thrift and industry.

LITTLE GRAMS

The Los Angeles Silent Club has announced that about the first of January they will begin the publication of a little



Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ruggero, the happy owners of the love nest, 2415 S. Palm Grove Ave., Los Angeles

paper, "The L. A. S. C. Bulletin," of which Mr. Edward McGowan will be Business Manager, and Mr. W. F. Schneider, Editor-in-Chief. It will contain news items about the club.

members, announcements of dates ahead, and in short, we understand it will be a sort of "House Organ" of The L. A. S. C.

The N. A. D. films were shown at this club on November 15th. The writer saw them some years ago in Iowa, and if my memory is not at fault, the only one of the original films among those shown here is that of our beloved Dr. Gallaudet, discoursing about the "Lorna Doone Country." Do we ever stop to reflect how fortunate it was that the late Oscar H. Regensberg started the Moving Picture Fund just in time, as it were, to get the pictures of the grand old teachers at Gallaudet College?

As there are quite a number of former Iowans and Nebraskans here they enjoyed seeing our friend Dr. J. Schuyler Long talking on "Signs and Signs", and urging us to refrain from the use of "slang signs."

Other pictures shown were those of "Yankee Doodle", a difficult piece to give in signs, but done in an inimitable manner by Winfield Marshall; Dr. McGregor and his flea; the Atlanta N. A. D. pictures; and many scenes of the L. A. S. C. picnic at Brookside Park, on Sept. 28th, which were made by Henry Fritz, and turned out very well. Many of the L. A. S. C. members are now immortalized in this film.

The social affairs of the Athletic Club for the Deaf for November were in charge of a ladies' committee of which Mrs. L. W. Hodgman was chairman. One of these was a successful bazaar, held the afternoon and evening of November 22nd. Many articles had been donated, there were entertainment features, supper was sold, and a neat sum was realized for the club. The third anniversary of the club was celebrated by a ball given at the Masonic Temple corner of Pico and Figueroa Streets, on Thanksgiving Eve. But the really big event was the dinner served from 5 to 8 P.M. on Thanksgiving Day. This was something not yet attempted by the deaf here, as a club has never been in a situation to do so. Tickets at \$1.00 a plate had been sold and about 65 persons were ex-

pected. The A. C. D. has a kitchen and dining room, but this was too small to accomodate all of the diners, so they were fed in relays, and 83 adults and a number of children were served, the last relay finishing a little after 8 o'clock. The A. C. D. hall held a happy crowd, and the ladies deserve much credit for serving this community dinner.

The Bazaar of the Los Angeles Silent Club on November 29th, was a great success, due to the efforts of the Chairman, Mrs. W. H. Rothert and her big committee of helpers. They had sent out printed appeals for donations, as they are trying to raise money for a clubhouse. The response was very liberal and about \$400.00 was realized from the sale of the various articles and from supper sold in the dining room. One interesting dnoation was that of Mrs. Coolidge, who sent a small framed picture of the White House, with her autograph "Grace Coolidge" inscribed thereon. This was put up at auction and at \$16.00 went to Mr. W. H. Phelps, the highest bidder. Mrs. Coolidge was once a teacher of the deaf at the Northampton, Mass., Oral School

Of the various events planned for December we will say nothing just now, with one exception. A Commemorative Celebration of the one hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet will be held at St. Paul Parish Hall, 615 South Figueroa Street, the evening of December 10th. The program informs us that the moving pictures regarding the Gallaudets will be repeated; that includes the lecture on the Lorna Doone Country, County of Devonshire, England, and the "Chapter from the Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet". This latter picture shows the scene in which the elder Gallaudet makes the suggestion to Edward, then a boy of about fourteen, to found a college for the Deaf. It is a good use to make of them, as they are appropriate to the occasion, and the birthday of the great benefactor of the deaf should be more generally celebrated in recognition of the invaluable services he rendered the deaf of America.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



WIFE AND SIX MONTHS OLD DAUGHTER OF L. BYRD TRAWICK, of Cedar Springs, Georgia.



MRS. F. J. HART AND FREDERICK JACOB, JR.
Five months old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hart, of Savannah, Ga.

LONG-HORNS

By TROY E. HILL



N THE October Issue of the SILENT WORKER, I note that Bro. Pach gives more space to his arguments as to the merits of a so called Deaf Band. Now I agree perfectly with Bro. Pach, that these bands are made up mostly of the boys who are not totally deaf, and that the school heads where such a band is maintained, do not take pains to have this fact made known to the public. Which reminds me of one of the ways the Oral teachers have of putting themselves and their methods over upon the public. While still a pupil I noticed that invariably when visitors were being shown around at our school, the teachers took great pride in showing off a few of my classmates and myself. Being a close student of human expressions, I always watched the visitors' faces very closely, and would always catch the following phrase: "Oh! isn't it wonderful that those children have been TAUGHT to speak and hear." Now, of course, nine out of ten of these pupils were merely hard of hearing, but the teachers took great pains to



The Ladies Sewing Club, of Austin, Texas, an organization made up of wives of deaf teachers, and other deaf ladies in Austin, hold semi-monthly meetings, which have proved of great benefit to all members, at Austin, and once a year stage a party that is a treat to all attending. The ladies in the picture are: Standing, left to right: Mrs. J. Amos Todd, wife of printing instructor; Miss Cora Clinger, girls' supervisor; Mrs. Adolph Matthies, wife of the tailor; Mrs. Geo. A. Brooks; wife of Prof. Geo. A. Brooks; Mrs. Wm. Thornberry, a teacher; Mrs. W. M. Davis, one of the teachers, and the wife of Wm. Davis, one of the teachers. Seated, left to right—Mrs. Robert L. Davis, wife of Robert L. Davis; Mrs. Troy E. Hill, wife of Troy E. Hill, formerly teacher and athletic director; Mrs. W. H. Davis, wife of Prof. W. H. Davis; Mrs. Earl Maddok, and Mrs. Robert M. Rives, wife of Prof. R. M. Rives. All these ladies take a deep interest in the welfare of the deaf pupils and have performed numerous acts of charity towards the deaf and others in Austin, Texas.

say nothing about that. The natural result, of course was, that the people left the school with the impression that these children had been completely deaf, and could not speak. Now, while the teachers did not actually say that they were responsible for the success of this and that child, in the matter of speech, they were just as guilty as if they had spoken out and claimed credit, for such actions upon their part gave the visitors the wrong impression and has hurt the real deaf people more than any single thing that I can think of.

Now, I understand that Bro. Pach cannot hear at all, but that he has the power of speech (He delivered his response to the address of welcome at Atlanta, orally), but from his articles all along, you can clearly see that he considers himself as one of the deafest of the deaf, and is prone to discount the achievements of the deaf who are only partly deaf and who are what the general class of deaf call, "semi-mutes." While I do not wish to say anything against the achievements of the totally deaf, because my best friends on this earth were born

deaf, yet I feel that we who have retained some particle of our hearing have been given a raw deal, all the way round. For instance, I am able to carry on conversation with some people with an ease that leads them to disbelieve that I am deaf at all, while there are other people that I cannot hear whatever. I have no way of explaining this, but from my ex-



Mr. and Mrs. Ted Shrapshirl, the Author and his first car a Dressed up Lizzie

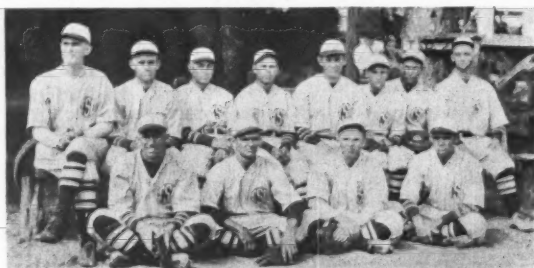
perience I know it to be true, yet if I were told to choose between associating entirely with hearing people, and deaf people, I would not hesitate a second, but would cast my lot with the Deaf. Why I should do this I cannot say, for the deaf as a whole have served out some mighty rotten treatment to the semi-mutes. In school for the first three years my life was a perfect misery. The deaf boys picked on me, calling me imposter, liar, and everything that they could to make me miserable, yet I have sacrificed a good deal of my time and have worked hard for my deaf people. Not because I have received money for it, or even thanks, but simply because they are my people.

An instance comes to my mind now, that happened only recently in my home city. A deaf man, (semi-mute if you will),



The picnic of the Dallas S. H. Club, composed of deaf ladies of Dallas, Texas. This picnic was held on the shores of beautiful Bachman's Dam last summer and everyone attending it reported a splendid time. Races were run, games played, and a hearty meal partaken by the members and their husbands, and friends. Mr. T. E. Hill the author, acted as chief cook and photographer of this group. Those in the picture are: standing from left to right—Mrs. Troy E. Hill, Mrs. E. Pratt, E. Pratt, and Miss M. Marrs, in auto; Mrs. W. Sides, Mrs. Sides, Mrs. Una Bigger, Carl Hardy, Mrs. Dan Corum, W. Dan Corum. Seated are: Osa Hazel, Mrs. Osa Hazel, Mr. Leo King and wife, Mrs. Jess Thomason King in his lap, Mr. Edwin Cochran, with Kathleen Hill, daughter of the author and Mrs. Hill in his lap, Mrs. Wallace K. Gibson, and Wallace K. Gibson. This picnic promises to be an annual event, and next summer will probably be held at a more distant point. The members meet every two weeks, and sew, so they say, but sew or not, they meet, and seem to have a good time.

needed some money to buy a home. So desiring to give his fellow deaf people the benefit of the interest rather than pay it into some bank, he approached three or four of his supposed friends who had plenty of money, making known his wants and offering to give a note on his automobile as security. Did he get the loan? You bet your life he didn't. Each of the supposed friends had a different argument. One said, "I'll have to see my mother about it." Another said, "I'll have to



Baseball team at Texas School for the Deaf. 1922. Record. Played 15, won 12, lost 2, tied 1. Best record made by Texas Team for many years. Seated on Bench—Dick Myers, p; Doyle Kerr, p; Harry Rudolph Capt. & lf.; Harold Rudolph, ss; Hill coach & 1b; Smith, utility; Dunagan, c; Ackers, p & cf, on ground, Parks, 3b; Street, 2b; Gamblin, p & rf, Sutherland, cf.

This team was only defeated by a 2 to 1 by a team from the Texas University that won the State Championship. McMillan, the University pitcher, was sent to the Philadelphia Athletics a week later.

see my father about it." The other said, "I am afraid to let you have money, because you are smart. I am ignorant, you might fool me and not repay." Now all three of these people had the money invested at 4% in banks, and their friend offered to give them 10% besides giving them security in the form of a note on his car and to allow them second liens on some real estate, but neither of them would let him have the money, and the reason behind it all was, "He is a semi-mute, smart fellow, too smart for us; he might not pay us back." One of the trio even advised another one in something like this manner: "Mr.——— wants a loan, No! No! don't let him have it. He is too smart; he won't pay you back because you are ignorant. He has accounts at all stores, has many old



Basketball Team: This basketball team with exception of Sutherland captain, Kerr forward and Lewis Utility, is now at Texas School for the Deaf, and will try for the State Academic title. The year the picture was made 1922-23 the team won 15 and only lost 2 and tied one game. Probably the best record ever made by a Texas School for the deaf team.

notes at home, don't ever let him beat you, because he is smart and will fool you." Now the man who advised against this loan has several thousand dollars in the bank, yet he borrows money from other people, without his wife's knowledge, has many bad accounts with stores in the city, his credit is poor, yet he has money in the bank. The men who wanted to make the loan, has accounts at several stores, that is true, but he has a name for having paid his debts and accounts promptly. This was known to the three he asked for a loan, yet the loan was refused him. Why? Simply because he is a semi-mute, as they

said, and is perhaps above the average in mental capabilities. Yet this same man gives his time, money and works hard to help the deaf succeed, and fights for them any time anything comes up that is not for their best interest. Yet he gets the treatment above recorded.

Yes, I agree perfectly with Mr. Pach. Those deaf bands are pure bunk. But isn't it working a hardship on those of the deaf who retain some of their hearing, for those of the deaf who can't hear at all, to be forever belittling them at every opportunity? What would the great body of the Deaf be today were it not for the help and sympathy given them by the hearing, and the leadership of the semi-mutes? Take the Frat for example. Nobody would classify Bro. Gibson as being totally deaf, yet even if he were completely deaf, he did not lose his hearing until well out of his teens, hence should be classified as a semi-mute. Where would the frat. be today but for the leadership of the Grand old Gib? If there is a totally deaf man in the country that sacrifices himself, his time, and gives his abilities to the better improvement of the whole of the Deaf race, to the extent that many of the semi-mutes do, he is a



R. L. DAVIS (on left) AND THE AUTHOR

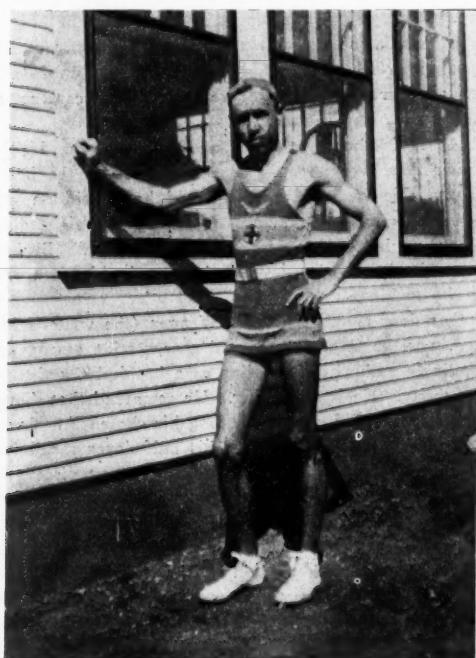
wonder. Does he get thanks of his brother deaf man for his work? If so, he is a wonder again, for it has been my experience, that whenever a semi-mute assumes the leadership, or attempts to elevate his deaf friends as a whole, he receives no thanks, but on the other hand is subject to the greatest criticism. Does he quit? You bet your life he doesn't, for he isn't made that way. Then why not give the "semi-mute" a little more credit and a little less knocks.

"Lives there a man with a soul so dead, who never has said, 'This is my friend, my pal, I'd do anything that he might continue to be my friend?'" If such a man does live, he truly does not know the joy of living. It is with great pleasure that I write this short token of love and appreciation that I bear my friend ROBERT E. DAVIS, Gallaudet graduate, class of 1909, one of six brothers and sisters all deaf.

Before I go on with this article, however, let me say, Robert L. Davis does not know this article is being written. He does not know that this picture is being sent to the SILENT WORKER. If he knew it, he would forbid me sending the picture, forbid me writing anything about him, for he is that sort of a man.

I would rather have the friendship of Robert L. "Bob." Davis, than any ten other men or women on earth. I would rather that "Bob." continues to believe in me, to be my friend, than to inherit the entire Ford fortune. I would rather shake hands with Bob Davis, than the President of the U. S., the King of England, and Charlie Chaplin, all together. Should Bob Davis, ever turn against me, I'd rather die than try to continue living without his friendship.

This picture, a mere snapshot, does no justice to Bob. I send it with this article merely because he refused to give me a picture for publication. I am sending this snapshot showing Bob Davis, standing alongside of me, because I would rather be seen standing by his side than any other place in the world. Immediately after graduating from Gallaudet College in 1909, Robert L. Davis took up the profession of teaching in the Texas School for the Deaf, and continues to this day to continue his task. While unsung and unhonored, his work has been above the average. While in the classroom, he gives his entire being to the advancement of his pupils. Although he



BELL EXSON

never seeks the limelight, he is always there among those who know him, because he is always working, sacrificing, giving to others. Whenever called upon he is always willing to serve, anything, or anybody.

My first meeting with Robert L. Davis, was in the fall of 1911, when, after having attended the Public Schools for nine years, I was sent to the Texas School for the Deaf, where I was soon the object of all the ridicule of the entire body of boys. My first recollection of Bob Davis was when I proudly showed him how much I could spell on my hands after a few days in school. As I remember it, Bob smiled at me, and said, "that's fine," and from that day to this he has been my greatest friend.

To the readers of the SILENT WORKER all over the world, I take pleasure in presenting, for your approval, Robert L. Davis, a true and tried friend, one that I shall be always proud to claim as a friend, and one that I know the deaf people owe much to for his sacrifices, his love, and service in the betterment of his kind. May God forever bless and enrich him is my greatest wish.

Several years ago I sent in a picture of Bell Eason, a Frat living in Ft. Worth, Texas, to the SILENT WORKER. At that time he had captured several prizes as a roller skating star.

Last summer Bell went in for an entirely different sport, and this year captured many prizes at Lake Worth, with his fancy diving. An expert swimmer and a graceful diver, he is equally at home in the water as on land.

While teaching in Austin several years ago, I made many trips to San Antonio, Texas, in my tin Lizzie. I am enclosing a picture taken in one of the San Antonio parks. When I can secure some pictures, I will try to send in a write up, of the Cradle of Texas Liberty, one of the most beautiful cities in the U. S. The young couple in the picture with the author, were recently married in Austin, and are popular with the younger set of that city.

THE TITHER

BY O. FRANK EGER

I heard my Lord say, "steward,
Take up thy cross for Me;
Fear not upon thy venture
I will take care of thee.

"I loaned to you each talent
And gave you strength of form:
Awake and pray, O worker,
And rise when gleams the morn!

"My fields are ripe with harvest,
But they that work are few;
Though I prepare a guerdon
Such as no toiler knew.

"I give you time for labor,
And strength to hold the day;
Be late to cease thy vigil
And sleep not by thy way.

"Give food' to all the hungry
And aid to those distressed:
Turn not from whom would borrow
And speak for the oppressed!

"Be kind and help the erring,
Keep peace with them that hate;
Make haste to soothe the dying,
Their judge is at the gate.

"Give of your tithe and talent
To whom would seek your aid,
And stint not in the giving;
For then I shall be paid.

"Pour out thy love, O steward!
It shall return again:
And those are all my faithful
That love the souls of men.

"Make haste, make haste, O steward,
And faint not by thy way;
For He that gave you being
Shall be with you for aye."
708 Atwood St., Flint, Mich.

HER THOUGHTS.

"What ye thinkin' of, Janet?"
"Nothin' much."
"Why worn't ye thinkin' of me?"
"I were."—[The Passing Show (London.)

The Trade Magazines and Your Future

By HART WENGER

"**Y**OUR FUTURE is your own making," so the fortune-teller told the school-girl-complexioned lady of the bill-board. How true it is in business. We admit this readily enough, but what are we expected to do today in our trade in order to insure our future prosperity anyway?

For the sake of illustration, a few examples are taken from the ups and downs in business life. There goes Mr. Williams who once was successful and, incidentally, one of the richest deaf men in a western state. Though a humble tailor, he used to drive around in a powerful car, when his acquaintances could hardly afford to.

But this part of the story belongs to the past. Now Mr. Williams is known as a self-made failure. Recently this tailor sank ear-deep into debt, and it was his friends who saved the mortgage on his shop from being foreclosed. So his business has dropped close to the verge of bankruptcy. As to many discouraged men, a far-distant field began to look attractive to him, and he spoke of moving elsewhere in search of better business. But his friends knew he saw only a mirage, and told him to stay home.

Prosperity had made Mr. Williams think he knew all about the business, so he ignored hints from his customers who could see what the matter was. Instead of regarding business reverses as indications that there is something wrong with his policy, he blamed Fate. Even now he thinks it downright injustice that he should have to toil from eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, only to make barely as much as some of his prosperous friends can make in a couple of hours.

He had no need to fail, but he had made things turn out that way. In short, Mr. Williams is way behind the times. The know-it-all attitude of his has made him a tailor of the old school. He does not read the journals of his trade to keep abreast of the times. He had his mind set on making and repairing clothes as best as they could be done, but alas, he overlooked the fact that service had a meaning much broader than merely speed and workmanship. He was always so "busy" (his pet word) that he never had the time to read his trade magazines, though somehow he seemed well versed on news. So his ignorance of business fundamentals—the rules of the game—manifested itself in his present condition.

Williams' tailoring shop is on what formerly was a moderately busy street, but since then it has become a side street of little importance. So his shop was left in a poor location. Many of his customers, who he thought would keep beating a path to his door, ceased coming, for they found that other shops closer by made as good a "mousetrap" as he did. But there he still remained—afraid to move a block, or so, into a busier district for the lack of courage and confidence which belong to those who possess a knowledge of business trend and conditions.

Excepting the early installation of new equipment, his shop never grew, even when the volume of business was heavy. His son was the only steady worker with him for a while, but Williams was always fearful of trusting other men. Hence his shop has remained practically the same one-man shop as it was ten years ago.

But Mr. Williams is rather an intelligent fellow; in fact, he was the president of his state association of the deaf for several terms. His ignorance of the elements of business growth, the trend of times, and of human nature is indeed unfortunate, for an excellent line of magazines existed to supply his very need, and he never read them! These journals could have taken

care of his future by helping him to look after the present.

The accomplishments of another deaf man, however, offer a contrasting story. Mr. J. H. Clark is forging ahead as a civil engineer, and at present he is the head of the Clark Construction Company in southern Utah. He has built irrigation projects, roads, dams, and reservoirs, but his office is in a small home town, fifty miles from a railroad, and over two hundred miles from the state capital. He finds so much to do that he divides his work among a superintendent and a half dozen foremen, all hearing men, who are not engineers at all but men he has trained for his job. He keeps only the technical and managerial work to himself. Although Mr. Clark graduated from Gallaudet College, he did not learn civil engineering there. All he acquired there were mathematics and the ability to learn things for himself. With these he started in the forest service and land offices, picking up a little here and a little there, working and studying all the time, until he raked up enough courage and confidence to become a contractor and engineer on his own account.

Mr. Clark is simply practical and wide awake. He insists on seeing that everything is done right and in the best way he knows. He was asked if he could have held on without the aid of his trade magazines, (for he reads eight different ones.) "No," he said, "they keep me up to date." By keeping close on the heels of today, he has made his future mean prosperity to himself.

Another deaf man, Mr. R. G. Wenger (the writer's lack of modesty must be forgiven), earned a reputation among doctors as a reliable authority in his line as a hospital chemist, before he was thirty. He is still going. He remarked that though he has had a university education along his chosen line, he might as well quit if he does not have his half dozen magazines on chemistry. He has to keep up with the newest discoveries in order to be able to give the doctors and patients the benefit of those new methods and ideas. People demand the best that science can give. And he finds it possible to give them what they ask for only with the aid of the chemical journals and latest books, for they are the very things that prepare him today what he may be expected to do tomorrow, always keeping him well "oiled." His twin brother A. W., who carries on the same line of work in another hospital in a neighboring state, admits he can not live on a college degree alone. So he is always "worming" through magazines.

Mr. Harry Smith, one of the best printers in the state, considers himself slipping down if he has to do without his magazines on printing. He has had very little education, but his products are works of art. His success and ability today is the result of a careful accumulation of the extra efforts he made in the past. However, important aptitude may have been in his case, he will tell any one that even a man with a talent can not go very far unless he makes a constant study of the latest and best developments in his art.

The moral is: Read and study your trade magazines. This is not saying that the trade journal is your key to success. But since it is obviously impossible for one to keep in personal contact with many men of experience, so that he may learn something from them, the magazines then serve as a medium for exchange of ideas and experiences of a particular, or general, class of tradesmen all over the country. That is next best to personal contact. It is a foolish man who waits for his own solitary experiences to teach him when he might also avail himself of the experiences and observations of other men, which

tell him what he otherwise might never have learned in a life time.

School education, at best, can only help one to get started, but the man himself must depend on something else like books and magazines, in addition to his own experience, to help him exert his forces in the right direction. It is not what a man's education was that people care to pay—it is what he gives them today that concerns them.

The kind of magazines to read, all depends on what one is doing and aspires to do. For example, if a carpenter desires only to do his work well and to keep up with the modern times, a magazine on wood working, or carpentry, would be enough for him. But if he wants to be a contractor, he would do well to take magazines for contractors, in addition to those on carpentry. And if after becoming a contractor, he wishes to be a builder of fine homes, he drops the magazines on carpentry, and takes up those that deal with fine homes and buildings. The rule seems to be: the higher one goes, the more he has to study and read. The general idea is to get magazines on what one is doing at present, if it leads to his goal, and also on what he wants to do. The aim is competency for today, and preparedness for tomorrow.

One, however, should not overlook the fact that there may be really several phases to his work instead of only the trade skill. For instance, if a man is in the shoe repairing business for himself in a big town, or even in a small one, he should not forget that salesmanship, store management, shop conduct and arrangement, service, handling of employees, use of modern system, and shop location—all have a share in business growth besides honesty and skill of workmanship. Honesty and skill of workmanship alone are not enough in business competition, nor to insure promotion, though they sometimes may be enough for those who only wish to hold down a job.

There is at least one magazine for almost every trade and profession. In many cases, there are some half dozen of them covering a single occupation. Public libraries usually keep a complete list of magazines published.

The future comes upon us only a second, a minute, and then an hour at a time. And the man who tackles them one by one, as they come, with the aid of books and magazines, need have no fear of the wide expanse of years before him.

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor.—*Zech.* viii. 16.

Jack Frost and the Cedar Tree

BY GORDON B. ALLEN.

Old cold and sneaking Jackie Frost
Is a wonderful, wonderful man.
He paints the trees in glorious colors,
Orange, brown and a beautiful tan.

He takes the yellow, lavender and pink
From the quiet, sunlit evening sky;
The red he gets from the setting sun,
The purple from the distant hills so high.

When he beautifully paints the aspens
He doesn't mix his tints at all;
He just paints them with his purest yellow,
The brightest color of the fall.

In the still, cold darkness of the night,
He stirs in orange and brightest red;
When they're mixed as he wants them,
Over the maples then they're spread.

The oaks he paints a quieter brown,
And puts his most brilliant tints on the vines.
Though his skill is great, his power strong,
He, with the aid of these, cannot paint the pines.

The cedar trees he leaves alone,
For he knows every little lad and lass
Will want them very pretty and green,
For a happy and merry Christmas.

AIN'T IT TOUGH?

"I dunno that I wanna get married, Mazie. It wouldn't be excitin' like in th' movies. They ain't even one awful scandal in my past that I could worry about my husband findin' out."—[*New York Sun and Globe.*]

Truth is always the strongest argument.—*Sophocles.*

That grows not in all gardens.—*Longfellow.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope.*



ILLINOIS SCHOOL DEAF BAND, THE COLORS AND PUPILS PARTICIPATING IN THE DECORATION DAY PARADE AT JACKSONVILLE

The Pied Piper at the North Dakota School

"The Pied Piper," that old German folk story which has fascinated peoples of other countries for generation, was given an admirable performance last June by the pupils of the Devils Lake School for the Deaf.

The performances was listed as a pageant and pantomime, and throughout the young actors displayed a grace of movement and a true interpretation of the author's idea of the



THE PIED PIPER CASTS HIS SPELL OVER THE RATS

people of Hamelin. Their costumes, made by the pupils themselves, were true to the period and the country in which the Pied Piper is said to have played his wiful melodies, and the entire setting presented a beautiful picture that will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.

The town of Hamelin was faithfully portrayed as a back-



THE MAYOR AND HIS COUNCILMEN—"THE PIED PIPER PAGEANT"

ground on the school campus, and the cave and hillside which enter into Browning's poem story of the Piper stood in one corner of the campus, whither the children of Hamelin followed the incensed Piper when their parents failed to keep their promise after he had rid the town of rats, as the story goes.



THE INDIGNANT WOMEN—"PIED PIPER PAGEANT"



SYLVIA HATTER—SOLO DANCER

During the various ensembles one was surprised at the naturalness displayed by the young actors; their apparent were they in the portrayal of the old story. In the various unconcern regarding the audience, so intensely interested scenes a number of dances were given by the deaf pupils which, for rhythm and grace of movement, astounded the audience. Especially pleasing was the veil dance towards the close of the story in which a number of girls participated. The dance of Sylvia Hatter and John Kauffman brought tremendous applause from the audience. The performance of Iris, the Piper's sweetheart, portrayed by Minnie Boss, was admirable, and the Piper was delineated by Harold Gaasland in an admirable manner.

During the performance orchestra music was played, and one was surprised at the manner in which all the members of the cast kept time with the music, especially in the various dance numbers and in the bridal march which brought the performance to a close.—*Devils Lake Daily Journal*.



PIED PIPER, LAME JULES AND IRIS

SPECTACLES *for the* EARS

HE MANY SPECTACLE-WEARERS that we see about us are not blind; most of them could still see without the glasses, but they see better with them. Not so very long ago glasses were worn only by those whose sight was seriously affected. We are still treating our ears very much as we used to treat our eyes. Many of us have slight defects of hearing. We hear fairly well, but we should hear better if we had something to aid the ear as a pair of glasses helps the eye. We should be wearing some kind of "ear-spectacles" in the future, thinks Dr. E. E. Free, who writes on this subject for the McClure Syndicate (New York).

It is not at all impossible, he assures us, that science will succeed in perfecting devices for imperfect ears that will do as well as glasses do for bad eyes. Some people will still be deaf, just as some people are still blind in spite of all the oculists can do. But many partly deaf people will be curable and the slighter deficiencies of hearing will no longer be troublesome at all. He continues:

"The first steps have been taken already. They consist in finding out exactly how it is that we hear.

"Science owes most of this to the telephone industry. How can we make a perfect telephone, said the engineers, unless we know something of the nature of the speech that the telephone is expected to carry and of the ear to which the speech is delivered? Laboratory investigations were begun. The result has been not only improvement in telephone practice but information about the scientific basis of speech and hearing.

"The real mechanism of hearing is deeply buried in the thick bone at the side of the head, where it will be protected as much as possible against shocks. The ear that we see is merely a kind of sound-catcher like the old-fashioned ear-trumpets.

"As the sound passes, it encounters, first, the ear-drum. Next are three little bones that magnify the vibration. The last of the three is attached to a small liquid-filled sack in the form of a spiral. Inside this is the true organ of hearing.

"If you take this organ out and uncoil it, it will look like a little ladder about an inch and a quarter long with several thousand separate rungs set very close together. At one end the rungs are very short; at the other end they are longer. Each is a tiny, separate living fiber. Each one touches a still tinier nerve thread through which it communicates with the brain. Sounds that are very shrill affect the part of the ladder where the rungs are shortest. Deep sounds, like the bass notes of an organ, affect the other end.

"Over the tiny nerve threads that connect each rung with the brain pass messages that indicate which part of the ladder is vibrating.

"By long practise the brain has learned to distinguish the nature of sounds by their effects on this little ladder. If the

brain fails to learn this or if the ladder is imperfect, then hearing and the understanding of speech are impaired.

"There are persons, for example, who can not hear high tones at all. This may be because the short-runged ends of their ear ladders have been destroyed by disease. Other persons apparently lack the long-runged ends of their ear ladders. They can not hear the low tones perfectly. Sometimes they can not hear them at all.

"Each of these conditions constitutes a special kind of deafness. Then there are cases due to some defect of the nerve or of the bones or of the ear-drum.

"There are almost as many kinds of deafness as there are patients. It is foolish to regard them as all alike or to hope to help them all with the same apparatus. The proper glasses for a defective eye must be prescribed after a scientific examination.

This will be just as true for a defective ear."

Another thing that new knowledge of the little ladder has helped us to understand, Dr. Free tells us, is the effect of noise in making other sounds. On a railway train you are hearing a composite of the thousands of clicks and screeches and clangs that are produced by the machinery. These have all possible pitches from the highest to the lowest. The little ladder of fibers in your ear is sent into vibration along its entire length. Every fiber is in continual motion. He goes on:

"Suppose now, that some other sound, like a spoken word, tries to affect your ear. The new sound must be able to shake the proper place harder than it is being shaken already by the general noise.

"In a railroad train or a boiler factory you may have

to use more than a thousand times the normal voice energy in order to make yourself heard.

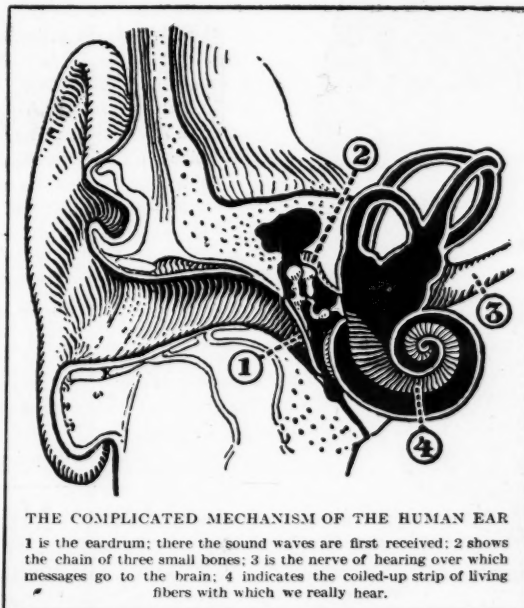
"When you talk to a deaf person you have to shout for a different reason. Perhaps the little ladder of fibers in his ear is sluggish, or perhaps the ear-drum is stiff, or the three little bones are stuck together. When you shout the sound gets through; when you speak in ordinary voice it does not.

"What such a person needs is a magnifier, a kind of 'sound telescope' for his ears. Such instruments have been invented. And as we learn more of the exact behavior of the little ladder, and especially as we perfect our methods for finding out exactly what it is that is wrong with the ears of each particular deaf person, we shall be able, undoubtedly, to make these artificial aids to hearing—these spectacles for ears—much more perfect than they are to-day."—*Literary Digest*, June 28.

Soap: Why is it that they claim Ford car is like O'Sullivan's rubber heels?

Suds: Because they both made walking a pleasure.

Almost any luxury should be sacrificed for good books.—*Dr. Channing*.



Iowa Girl Wins Honors

Two years ago, at the age of fifteen, Miss Margaret Marnette, of Des Moines, Iowa, graduated from the Iowa School for the Deaf with the distinction of being the youngest pupil to graduate at that age from any state school in the country.

Last June she graduated from the East Des Moines high school as the most representative pupil in the class of 560 pupils. This honor was accorded her by Mr. Harry Evans, the president of the Board of Education. Upon presenting her



MARGARET MARNETTE

ness this young lady, a student at the East High School, will with her diploma Mr. Evans remarked that never in the history of the Des Moines schools had he known of a student who so richly deserved the honor of the diploma as she.

From the Des Moines Capital is reprinted the following tribute:

"Margaret Marnette wins enviable reputation as a scholar and budding poetess. In spite of the handicap of total deaf-graduate tonight as an honor student with the rest of the 560 graduates.

"Five years ago an attack of Flu resulted in, first, three months of total blindness, and then permanent deafness for Margaret. Always a good student, the problem of her future education was a paramount issue. She was sent to the school for deaf from where she was graduated with honors after two years of study.

"Her parents decided against sending her to the national college for the deaf, and placed her with the hearing pupils of the East High School.

"An enviable record for scholarship has been gained through her application to her work for two years. Her wonderful disposition and courageous determination to overcome the difficulties by keeping busy have been an inspiration to many East High pupils.

"Dancing and writing poems and stories are the hobbies en-

joyed by Margaret. She is a pupil at one of the foremost dancing studios of the city, and her teacher considers her one of the most promising of her students.

"Her poems have an unusual quality which sets them apart from the usual poetical attempts of students of her age. As proof of her poetical ability, the Des Moines Federation of Women's Club have asked to include three of her poems in their book of Iowa Poets and Authors. Several of her poems have been published in the *Volta Review*, and she was unanimously elected class poet at graduation.

"Beside her school work she is serving her second term as Secretary-Treasurer of the Des Moines Lip-Reader Club."

During the past summer Miss Marnette filled the office of Movie Editor in the absence of the regular editor of the *Register and Tribune*. She is now employed three afternoons a week as assistant to the head of the Publicity department of the A. H. Blank Theatrical enterprises.

After a year of preparation in the East High School she intends to enter Iowa State University for a course in Journalism and special writing.

Two of her poems follow:

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR KEY

"Last night a star fell down—
Leaving a trail of star dust behind it
Like an arrow that sings through the air.
I watched it sink beyond the hill.
I wonder if a star will fall for me,
Or will I just slip through into Oblivion—"

WINTER

"I hate to sit and watch the still cold land so white,
The trees so skeleton-like, the solemn nothingness of it all.
I long for the sun.
I hate the shadows that deepen and play horrible tricks upon
The trees and bushes standing in huddled groups as if in fear
of the snow.

When will spring come?

Deaf Men of Mark

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was perhaps the very greatest portrait painter that ever lived, is of peculiar interest to the deaf, for the reason that he was deaf. Certainly, he was not deaf and dumb, but he was a sufferer from deafness; therefore we are entitled to claim him as one of ourselves. We believe that nothing but good can result from the publication of the biographies of eminent men who have suffered from the same affliction as that under which we labor.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at a little town called Plympton, about five miles from Plymouth, in the year 1723. He was the son of a clergyman, and his home was situated in one of the most beautiful counties in England, noted for its green-clad hills, and its clear, swiftly-flowing streams.

As a boy he was fond of drawing, and made sketches of anything that took his fancy. Once, during a service in the church, he wished to make a picture of the minister. Having no paper, he made a sketch of the queer little man on his thumb nails. As soon as he reached home he enlarged the sketch and painted it with common paints, using a piece of an old sail for canvas. His father was interested in the clever sketch, although he desired the boy to study for pharmacy. In the end, Mr. Reynolds allowed his son to follow his natural bent, and he took him to London and apprenticed him to Mr. Hudson the chief portrait painter of the day. The boy was to work for four years with his teacher, but he made such rapid progress that by the time he had spent two years there he could

do better work than his master. Young Reynolds parted company with Mr. Hudson, and settled in Plymouth, near his home. In Devonshire, he painted portraits of the best-known people in the neighborhood, and made many friends and admirers.

Three years later he was invited to go for a cruise with Admiral Keppel, and, as he had always had a great ambition to travel, he was naturally delighted. He painted portraits in Minorca, spent two years in Rome, and visited Florence, Venice, and other art centres. He caught a violent cold while working from pictures in the Vatican, and was always partially deaf after this.

At Venice he learned a great deal about color, and was afterwards spoken of by Ruskin as one of the greatest colorist in the world.

Settling in London, his portraits of the Misses Gunning and of Admiral Keppel secured his position as the leading painter of the day. Among his wide circle of friends were Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hogarth, and Garrick. In 1777 he painted the Marlborough family portraits, and in 1779 he designed the windows for New College, Oxford. In 1781 and 1783 he visited the Netherlands, and his interesting notes as well as his address to the Royal Academy students were published later.

He kept "open house" for his friends; his table was often crowded, and a merry company was always to be found at his house. All the wits, genius, fashion, nobility and wealth congregated there, and references to this fact are to be found in many well-known biographies. He was knighted by George III., and was then at the height of his fame. In 1748 he painted one of his finest portraits—"Miss Siddons as the Tragic Muse." He was eminently successful as a portrait painter, but he has been called the "child artist" on account of his love of painting children. Amongst his most successful portraits of children are "Penelope Boothby," "The Little Strawberry Girl," and "The Angel Heads."

Sir Joshua was a hard worker, and it is claimed that he painted between two and three thousand pictures. He is unsurpassed in portraiture, and seemed to possess the happy knack of seeing the best side of his sitters.

In 1789 he laid down his brushes owing to failing eyesight, and when he died in 1792 he was buried at St. Pauls. His works live in every picture gallery of note in the world.—*The British Deaf Times.*

A Bit of History

In 1899 the Howard Investment Company of Duluth, Minnesota, was organized and incorporated.

Among the incorporators were Dr. Amos G. Draper, of Washington, D. C., now dead; Dr. Robert Patterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Dr. George T. Dougherty and Rev. Dr. Philip J. Hasenstab, of Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Samuel G. Davidson, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Rev. Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, Washington. They were then young or comparatively young men. They have since been honored by Gallaudet College with Doctor Degrees.

The list of incorporators also included Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College; Dr. E. A. Fay, Vice-President of Gallaudet College; Dr. Enoch Henry Currier, Principal of the Fanwood (New York City) School for the Deaf; Dr. J. C. Gordon, Superintendent of the Illinois School for the Deaf; Mr. Weston Jenkins, Superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf; Mr. Oscar H. Regensburg, of Chicago, and Mr. Julius D. Howard, of Duluth, the first President of the Howard Investment Company, all of whom are now dead.

The balance of the incorporators were Dr. Charles R. Ely, now Vice-President of Gallaudet College; Mr. Louis C. Tuck, of Fairbault, Minnesota; Hon. E. A. Bond, Surveyor General of New York State, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. John E. Babcock, President of the Wakefield Trust Company of Wakefield, R.

I., and Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, as first Secretary and now President of the Howard Investment Company.

Twenty-five years has witnessed many changes and many important events. Of the eighteen incorporators, eight have died. The country has been swept by epidemics and has gone through the World War with its attendant inflation of prices, followed by the deflation period that hit every industry and caused many failures. Presidents have come and Presidents have gone.

It is safe to say that no period in the history of the world has seen such change and development. In this period was created the automobile, the wireless, the radio and the airplane.

In the matter of educating the deaf we have had our turbulent period and are reaching a sane and wise adjustment. The leaders of this branch of education of twenty-five years ago have, in the main, silently laid down their work and passed away. A new generation of leaders have taken the direction of affairs and are making good.

During the quarter of a century the Howard Investment Company has stood solid as befits a company so well sponsored. It has paid FIFTY-FIVE dividends in 25 years. Dividends are paid through the National City Bank of New York City.

The directorate of the Company is now composed of Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, President and Treasurer; Hon. E. A. Bond, of Castleton, N. Y., 1st Vice-President, who takes a close personal interest in the Company as befits one of its largest stockholders; Mr. Thomas Thorburn, 2nd Vice-President, a contractor and builder of recognized standing; Mr. Frank P. LeTourneau, Secretary, President of the largest printing establishment in Duluth and a young man of ability and integrity; Mrs. Petra F. Howard, Assistant Secretary, connected with the company since 1922; Mr. D. T. Helm, a millionaire vessel owner and operator, operating great freight boats on the Great Lakes, and Mr. Donald E. Holmes of the firm of Baldwin, Baldwin, Holmes and Mayall, Attorneys. Mr. Holmes personally handles the large case in this district in which the United States Government is involved, such as the forest fire cases involving millions of dollars.

The latest acquisition of the Howard Investment Company is a large apartment building known as Hillcrest Apartments and conservatively valued at \$220,000.

The Howard Investment Company was organized to offer to the deaf and others a means to invest small savings. Preferred Stock is \$50 per share and can be purchased in any amount or by instalments of \$5 a month. This is a safe investment and, as the Company pays the income tax on this stock, the 5% is net for all but sur-tax purposes.

A field auditor connected with the Internal Revenue Department of the United States Government has just completed an audit of the books of the Company from 1913 to 1922. In his report of the Department he says: "The Books and records of the company are complete and explain all transactions." The audit to complete the last two years will be made soon.

PETRA HOWARD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Some fellows think they are pretty big because they can live in a house with two or three Greek letters over the door; but there is a saloon on Union Street with a half of the Greek Alphabet over the entrance, and all it means is "Beer—5c."

Ed Fabian's head's above the earth
It stretches all around,
It is so high it hits the sky
And makes a hollow sound.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf.

OFFICERS

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*
358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.



F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*

99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*

California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*

School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas

What's the Matter With the N. A. D?

At the outset, we beg our readers' pardon for having to inflict upon them what is to follow. Mud-slinging and the venting of personal spleen have no place in the activities of a welfare organization such as the N. A. D. We do not intend to vie with our critics in that highly discreditable procedure. But we do feel called upon to answer some very misleading and totally ignorant propaganda that lately has been fed to our friends and fellow-members down in Dixie.

In the first place, at the Atlanta convention in 1923, it was a campaign argument, advanced by the adherents of a certain candidate for president, that if the present incumbent of the office were elected, he would be prejudiced and unfair in his treatment of the South. The originator of that argument, if argument may be termed, is known, and it was advanced for purely selfish reasons in the effort to delude voters. It gained considerable headway during the convention. But it was wholly without foundation in fact, and nothing since the convention has shown the president of the N. A. D. to be unfair or biased in his treatment of the South.

The convention gave the South two major offices, the two vice-presidencies, electing capable and loyal Southerners to fill them. That was due the South for its commendable work prior to and during the convention.

Since the convention, the South has been recognized just as much in committee appointments as before the convention.

The president has taken action in two important cases involving conditions in the South, during his past year in office.

The South has not been slighted and it will not be slighted by the present administration, misleading and selfish and lying propaganda to the contrary.

In the second place, statements have been printed in the deaf press saying that the administration was to publish the proceedings of the Atlanta convention in serial form in a magazine, after delaying publication for a year. The originator of that statement was either misinformed and duped by someone, or was deliberately trying to stir up antagonism toward the present administration.

The facts are that the proceedings of the Atlanta convention have been held up on account of the high cost of printing, the prices asked being prohibitive for the usual volume issued following conventions. To make matters worse, the Atlanta Local Committee did not turn over some of its surplus to help with the printing, as has usually been the case following former conventions. The Local Committee did turn a handsome sum into the Endowment Fund, and is to be commended for so doing. But the fact remains that some of its surplus could have been used to good purpose in helping with the proceedings.

The cost of the Detroit proceedings was over \$800.00 for printing alone, and not including other costs. This figure was approximately half of what it would have cost to print these proceedings in a regular book shop, the work having been done through the kindness of Dr. Hall of Gallaudet press on Kendall Green. We could not have printed the Atlanta proceedings in the usual elaborate form for anywhere under \$1,000.00. The cost would have been nearer \$1,200.00.

Under the circumstances, the administration did not feel justified in using up all the available money of the association in printing proceedings. It finally obtained the consent of the SILENT WORKER management to print the proceedings, and the work is now being done.

The proceedings will be printed in ONE issue of the WORKER. There will be no serial printing, as our misguided propagandist has stated.

EVERY MEMBER of the association will receive a copy of the issue containing the proceedings, no matter whether a subscriber or not, the N. A. D. buying and sending copies to non-subscribers.

EVERY LIBRARY of consequence in the country and Europe will receive copies of the proceedings, as heretofore.

It is a pity we have to waste time telling these facts to a public, part of which has been utterly misinformed by someone who could easily have ascertained the truth before broadcasting his ignorance and misleading others.

The president of the association has printed and distributed the last four reports of this body, in his capacity as secretary, and the Atlanta report will be his fifth. The reports that have gone before speak for themselves. The Atlanta report will be in keeping with the others.

If certain persons who may have personal grudge against the president have been trying to make the delay in getting out the Atlanta report appear as an act of unfairness and prejudice toward the South on the president's part, we cannot help it. We can only submit the foregoing explanation which is the truth. The misguided individuals who have circulated this propaganda are not hurting the president:

They are hurting themselves and the N. A. D.

They are hurting the Section in which they live, the South, which is the last place in the world where we would look for suspicion, unfairness, and questionable tactics.

Here, we must pay our respects to the editor of the *Alabama Messenger*, a transplanted Northerner, Mr. John H. McFarlane, who in the issue of his school paper on November 8, 1924, laid down the dictum that the N. A. D. has been a failure since the last administration, or rather since the last president stepped out. Mr. McFarlane has been fed up on the supposed superiority of the last administration and cannot see any good in the present administration. He says that the N. A. D. is dead, because it has not printed the Atlanta proceedings.

Usually noted for his adherence to truth and his pious mien, Mr. McFarlane lends himself to the propaganda that

the N. A. D. is dead, without advancing any other reason than that it has not printed the Atlanta proceedings. We have answered this criticism earlier in this article.

Now we propose to show up Mr. McFarlane. On February 16, 1924, the president offered Mr. McFarlane a place on the reorganized De l'Epee committee, believing that he could be of service in the South. Mr. McFarlane refused to co-operate with the present administration to the extent of accepting the place, claiming that he had done enough for the N. A. D.

That should make some of the old War Horses in the N. A. D. smile. They and a host of others have been working for the N. A. D. all their lives and will continue to work for it as long as they are able to put in a good lick.

This attitude on Mr. McFarlane's part lets him out. If he cannot co-operate and continue to uphold the traditions of his adopted South, he should not criticize, and least of all should he criticize on false premises, as he has in this instance. The truth may be violated in more ways than one. The Lord hateth a prevaricator in whatever guise he may masquerade.

The N. A. D. is going forward. Its work is being carried on by the present administration to the best of its ability with the funds it has at hand and the co-operation it can obtain.

We believe that it has accomplished as much in its first year as has any other administration that has gone before.

We have not felt called upon to rush into print with long and nicely worded articles, but with no real accomplishment behind them, as has sometimes been done in the past. Thinking people are not deceived by such tactics. A lot of noise may be mistaken by some for accomplishment. We have preferred to cut out the noise and try to get the machinery in order, to accomplish something worth while for the deaf.

The routine work of the N. A. D. takes up a great deal of the officers' time. The correspondence and direction of various activities demands time that the officers could well use to their personal advantage. They are giving their time ungrudgingly, the time that they can spare after a hard day's work in making a living. They should be criticized less and co-operated with more. We are thankful that there are many good, loyal members of the N. A. D. who are co-operating with us and giving us encouragement, instead of hurling brickbats and offering no solutions of problems effecting the deaf.

The N. A. D. knows no North, no East, no West, no South. The deaf man, woman or child, wherever he or she may exist, who is in trouble and discriminated against, can confidently look to the N. A. D. for help to the full measure of its means and ability.

There is nothing the matter with the N. A. D., save its self-appointed critics and its disappointed self-seekers.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,
President.

Chicago, November 18, 1924.

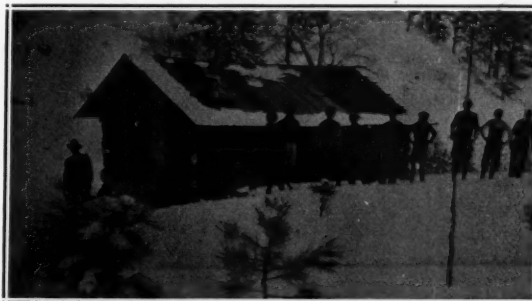
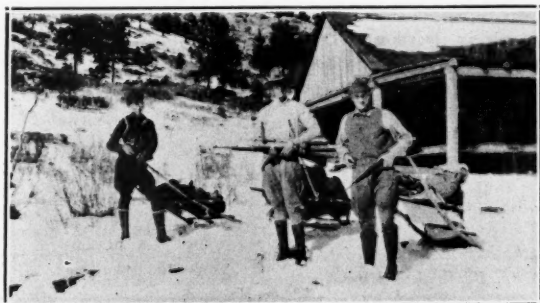
"William, dear, as you have another chill coming on, will you kindly hold the baby's rattle in your hand? It amuses the sweet precious so much."

The traveling politician stopped at a country farm.

"What party does your husband belong to?" he inquired of the lady of the house.

"Well," she replied, "when he's with a Democrat, he's a Democrat; when he's with a Republican, he's a Republican; when he's around the house he's a nuisance. Right now, he's out feeding the hogs. You can tell him easy. He's got a hat on."

Pupils of the New Mexico School on a Hunting Trip in the Mountains Near Santa Fe



Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

HOVIOUS, WILLIAM V. Born Dec. 12, 1889, at Knifley, Ky. Farmer and Printer, with Belknap Hardware Mfg. Co., 101 Main St., Knifley. Home address: 223 St. Joseph St. Fair speaker and lip-reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Kentucky School for the Deaf, Danville. Member N. F. S. D. (Louisville Division); Kentucky Association of the Deaf; Men's Club (Christ Church Cathedral House, Louisville. Lost hearing at about three from lagrippe (partial). Has two deaf relatives. Married April 26, 1911, to Miss Catherine Squires (deaf).

KUTZLEB (B. A.) GERTRUDE NELSON. Born June 17, 1883, at New Guilford, Ohio. Housewife at 230 S. 41. St., Louisville, Ky. Excellent speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Attended Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, 1893-1904; Gallaudet College, 1904-1908. Member Gallaudet Alumni Association; O. W. L. S.; Ohio Alumni Association. Lost hearing at three, caused by fall (total). Married October 9, 1912, to Alvin Kutzleb (deaf). Has one hearing child. Was supervisor Kendall School, Washington, D. C., April, 1909, to July, 1910; teacher School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La., 1910-1912.

KUTZLEB (B. S.) ALVIN LEHMAN. Born June 9, 1883, at Elgin, Ill. Printer, catalog department, Belknap Hardware and Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky. Home address: 230 S. 41st., Louisville, Ky. Fair speaker and lip-reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Kentucky School for the Deaf, 1893-94 and 1899-1903; Indiana School for the Deaf, 1894-1899; Gallaudet College, 1903; graduating with class of 1908. Member Gallaudet College Alumni Association; Kappa Gamma Fraternity; N. F. S. D. and Kentucky Alumni Association. Lost hearing at 3½ from brain fever (total). Married October 9, 1912, to Miss Gertrude Neldon (deaf); one hearing child. Instructor in Printing and supervisor Oregon School for the Deaf, 1908-1909; Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Flying Squadron, 1919-1921. Member Gallaudet College football and track team five years; captain track team, 1906-1907 and 1908; captain football team, 1906.

MUELLER, JOHN HENRY. Born June 1, 1884, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Printer with J. P. Norton & Co., Louisville, Ky., 420-426 W. Main St. Home address: 1013 E. Kentucky St., Louisville. Excellent speaker; poor lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Public Schools, Cincinnati, 1889-1892; Lutheran Parochial School, Cincinnati, 1892-93; Cincinnati Day School for the Deaf, 1895-'98; Ohio State School, 1898-'02; Gallaudet College, 1902-'03; '08-'09. Member Louisville Division N. F. S. D.; Kentucky Association of the Deaf; Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, Gallaudet College Alumni Association; Men's Club, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville. Lost hearing at 10, from brain fever (total). Has one deaf cousin. Married August 23, 1909, to Rose P. Brode (deaf). Has three hearing children. Wife is a graduate of the Kentucky School; one year at Gallaudet. Was Secretary Cincinnati Division No. 10, N. F. S. D., 1905-'07; Grand

Recording Secretary, N. F. S. D., 1907-'09; Recording Secretary Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, 1916; Treasurer Louisville Division, 1913-'14; Secretary, 1915-'16; 1919-'21; 1923; delegate to Cincinnati Convention N. F. S. D. 1907; alternate to Philadelphia Convention, 1908; lay reader All Souls' Mission, Louisville, 1914-'16; lay reader St. Marks Mission, Cincinnati, 1916-'18. Valedictorian, Class '02, Ohio State School for the Deaf; organized Cincinnati Division No. 19, N. F. S. D.; organized Deaf Men's Branch of Men's Club, Christ Cathedral House; president of Deaf Men's Club. German scholar. First Sophomore elected Managing Editor of *Buff and Blue*, Gallaudet College magazine. Took charge of basket ball at Gallaudet in winter of '08-'09, and arranged the first ambitious schedule ever attempted, resulting in the sport being officially recognized as a branch of the College athletic association.

RUTHERFORD, REV. HENRY SIDNEY. Born May 13, 1874, at Morris, Illinois. Methodist Minister, Rock River Conference, Chicago, Ill. Home address: 5340 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Excellent signmaker. Attended Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, 1884-96; Gallaudet College, 1896-98. Member N. F. S. D.; the Illinois Association of the Deaf; Alumni Society of the Illinois School for the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing during babyhood from colic (partial). No deaf relatives. Married in 1905, to Miss Louise Sears (deaf). Had three hearing children, one of whom died. Engaged in farm work, 1898-1900; minister, 1901-1922. Secretary, Chicago Mission quarterly meeting for 20 years. Itinerancy—in Northern Illinois, Central Illinois, Iowa, St. Joseph and Kansas City, Mo., and Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, every month except August. First Vice-President of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, 1918-1921; ordained Deacon by Bishop F. Berry Sept. 30, 1906; ordained Elder by Bishop Thomas Berry Oct. 4, 1908.

(REVISED)

LARS MOORE LARSON (B.A.) Born Aug. 20, 1856, near Viroqua, Wis. Nursery fellow, with A. M. Brand Nursery Company, Faribault, Minn. Cannot speak or lip-read; excellent signmaker. Attended Wisconsin State School for the Deaf 1869-1876; Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C., 1876-1882. Member Wisconsin State Association for the Deaf and Faribault Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at age of 2 years from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1882, to Belle E. Porter, 1882-1892; 1893, to Cora G. Gunn, 1893-1905; 1915 to Josie D. Rofe, 1915 to date. All wives deaf. Has had five children—two dead. First wife was educated at Clarke School; second wife at Illinois School; third wife at Wisconsin School. Teacher at Chicago, (Ill.) Day School for the Deaf, 1882-1884; founder, teacher and first superintendent New Mexico School for the Deaf, 1885-1906. Founder (1876) and president (1880-1888) Wisconsin State Association of the Deaf; Life Member American Convention of the Instructors of the Deaf; National Association of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society, and Gallaudet College Alumni Association.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

We recently received a visit from John Clark, the noted Indian sculptor, who has his studio in the Glacier National Park. Mr. Clark is a self made sculptor, having grown up on his father's estate near the entrance of the park and learned his art from watching wild animals within it. Mr. Clark visited us some ten years ago and left us some models of bears and mountain goats. Since then he has taken himself a hearing woman for a wife and has become quite wealthy and famous. The Clarks have gone to Los Angeles to exhibit some of the work done during the past year or so, and will spend the winter there. Mrs. Clark altho not of her husband's race seems to be a splendid woman of ability. She knows the sign language quite fluently and takes a lively interest in her husband's work. It is due to her wise managing of his affairs that he has made his success and become so widely known in the past few years. —*The Washingtonian*.

The new buildings of the Tennessee School at Knoxville were formally dedicated on November 12th, with impressive ceremonies. Governor Austin Peay, of Tennessee, presided, and the principal address was made by Dr. J. W. Jones, Superintendent of the Ohio School for the Deaf.

There were many other distinguished visitors present, and it must have been a matter of pride to the officers of the school to be able to tell these that the beautiful new buildings were designed by and constructed under the supervision of one of its graduates.

The selection of Dr. Jones as the orator of the occasion was a most happy one; few men in the profession are as thoroughly imbued with the best spirit and traditions of our work as he, or can express themselves with the clearness and force of the accomplished Superintendent of the Ohio School.—*Ex.*

Up in North Dakota our "Alva" Long is a member of the Devils Lake Country Club and is often on the golf links. The other day, after a round with Superintendent Driggs of the School for the Deaf he discovered that his car had been wrecked by a large rock which had crashed through the top. Workmen were engaged in constructing a new road near by, and a blast sent up a great stone that did the damage. The point that interests Alva is "Who pays the freight?" The damage was heavy and Alva wants pay for it as no warning of danger was posted.

An optimist at our elbow suggests that

instead of having a grouch over the occurrence Alva ought to be congratulating himself that the men waited until he was safely out of the car before they started that dornick on its journey of destruction. —*The Kentucky Standard*.

The National College of Teachers of the Deaf of Great Britain, says: The *Teacher of the Deaf* is organizing an International Conference on the Education of the Deaf, to be held in London during July, 1925.

The last International Conference took place at Edinburgh in 1907, seventeen years ago, and it is intended at next year's Conference to make a survey of the various developments which have since occurred and also to present a comprehensive review of the organized educational efforts made on behalf of the deaf in various parts of the world.

On the British side the support of the Board of Education is being obtained in order that many facilities may be forthcoming to present to the public and to the world an accurate statement of what is attempted by every existing agency for the mental, moral and social uplifting of the deaf as a class. For this purpose papers will be read and printed, and facilities will be afforded for demonstration and exhibits to give practical illustration of what is being done.

Efforts will be made through the Colonial and Foreign Offices to ensure that the schools for the deaf to the Empire and of foreign countries shall be similarly represented by accredited representatives, by papers and reports, and by exhibits.

As soon as these are settled, details and invitations will be issued to every school at home and abroad, and it is hoped that the response will ensure an extension of world-wide interest in the work for the Deaf.

Recognized leaders in the work are to be invited to present surveys on educational efforts, in the Empire, in Europe, in America, etc., whilst leading exponents will deal with the latest developments in Rhythm work, Aural work, and Acoustic aids. The medical and psychological aspects will also be reviewed.

An exhibition of work showing every form of activity of the deaf during and after school life—will be held in the Conference building, and it is expected that a special day will be devoted to a visit to the Royal Schools for the Deaf at Margate, one of the largest and oldest schools for the deaf in the world.—*The West Virginia Tablet*.

THE BELGIAN DEAF-MUTE

The latest paper for the deaf to venture forth is the "The Belgian Deaf-Mute," the first number of which appeared in November, 1924. Monsieur A. Dresse 194 Boulevard d'Avory, Liege, Belgium, is the publisher. Since Belgium is a dual language country part of the papers' eight pages are printed in French, the remainder in Dutch.

CONVENTIONS NEXT SUMMER

Two important conventions of teachers of the deaf are to be held next summer. The twenty-fourth meeting of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf will be held at Council Bluffs, Iowa, during the month of June, 1925. The exact dates to be selected will be published in a future issue of the *American Annals of the Deaf*, together with announcements concerning programme and general arrangements.

DEAF ARTISTS OF FRANCE TO HOLD INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

From the 19th to the 30th of January, 1925, there will be held in Paris a Salon of Silent Artists under the charge of prominent French deaf artists. Exhibits from the deaf of all nations are invited. The exhibits will be divided into four groups: (1) paintings, (2) sculpture, (3) water color drawings and etchings, (4) applied art. Only the work of deaf artists will be shown.

WIRELESS SETS FOR BLIND.

A wireless fund to supply every needy blind person in the United States with a receiving set was opened on Thursday night when Miss Helen Keller, the blind and deaf woman prodigy, broadcasted an announcement to that effect from the wire less exhibition at the Grand Central Palace. The fund is organized by the American Foundation for the Blind, in co-operation with governors and other prominent officials of many States and the principal newspapers. There are 80,000 blind in America.

Miss Helen Keller, authoress, scholar and poetess, was once blind, deaf, and dumb, but taught herself to speak. She states that she can hear wireless music by touching the diaphragm of the receiver.—*Belfast Telegraph*, Nov. 7, 1924

DEAF, DUMB, BLIND VOTER.

READ ON PALM OF HAND.

Mr. John W. D. Ralph, of Snigbrook, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, has voted at every Parliamentary and municipal election in Blackburn for twenty years (says the Blackburn correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette.") At the recent contests he presented a knotty problem to the

polling officials, but they were able to ascertain his wishes by a novel method.

As a young man Mr. Ralph was able to read, and the palm of his right hand is so sensitive that he can distinguish words "pencilled" upon it. It was in this manner that the polling clerk discovered his political leaning, the voter nodding vigorously when the right man was indicated.

Mr. Ralph, whose father was Master of Wrexham Poor-Law Institution, said in an interview that his brother Robert is similarly afflicted but he, too, never misses an opportunity of voting.—*Belfast Telegraph* Nov. 9, 1924

THE TENNESSEE SCHOOL

In several issues last year mention was made of the erection of new buildings for the Tennessee School for the Deaf at Island Home, a few miles out of Knoxville, under supervision of Mr. Thomas Scott Marr, the well known deaf architect of Nashville. The school opened the new session in the new plant and it is learned that everybody, from Mrs. H. T. Poore, the superintendent, down to the tiniest tot, is highly elated over the change. For a decade the deaf in Tennessee have been housed in old structures in the very heart of Knoxville. We congratulate our friends upon having such a handsome and commodious new home.—*Deaf Mississippian*

IN THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The following children of deaf parents are students in the Ohio State University: Ruth Schwartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz; Beatrice Clum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Clum; Donald Goldsmith, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Goldsmith; Alexander Wark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wark; Gertude and Dorothy Zorn, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zorn. There may be others. But this is sufficient to show the value the deaf place on the education of their children.

It bears out what has been said so many times in the Chronicle that the deaf aim at the best for their children and will stop at nothing to attain it. It speaks for their patriotism and the high quality of their zeal and enterprise.

The children will doubtless take care of themselves, because they are fine specimens of American manhood and womanhood.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

DUMB COURT TRIES DEAF MUTE

Moscow.—A trial unique in the annals of jurisprudence has just been held in Moscow, the accused being a deaf-and-dumb locksmith and the "court of honor," before which he had to answer to the charge of attacking two women, consisting of a deaf-and-dumb jury and a mute judge. The scene was laid in the Club of the Deaf and Dumb. A gallery of 171 deaf-and-dumb spectators witnessed the proceedings.

The prosecuting attorney delivered an impassioned indictment in sign language, the defending attorney responding with an equally heated, though inaudible "speech."

The verdict, rendered by a silent jury amid a silent courtroom, was "guilty" the poverty, illiteracy and ignorance of the accused being regarded as recommendations for mercy. The prisoner was finally released with a reprimand.

It is said that the only chronicled

trial, known to rival this scene, occurred in the insane asylum of Vienna, where two madmen were courting the same insane woman patient. Their jealousy led to blows and eventually to a challenge to a duel. A court of honor—consisting entirely of madmen—was constituted to decide whether the duel would be permitted.

After prolonged deliberation the court of lunatics decided that the duel could not be fought—basing this verdict on the declaration that "dueling is an insane practice."—*Ex.*

THE FAIRY GODMOTHERS' CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

A few months after the World War broke out Rev. Dantzer suggested to some of the more active members of his congregation that they form a club, whose object should be the support of some poor French family, similarly deprived of hearing. The suggestion met with instant favor and a club of 20 members was at once formed. In due time Mr. Dantzer opened correspondence with a poor deaf French woman and finally, all through the war this Club furnished money for the education and general support of this widow and her only child.

Mrs. George T. Sanders was the first President of the Club and was followed in office by Mrs. Alice E. Breen who in turn stepped out and was succeeded by the present President, Mrs. Wm. Rothemund.

With a membership that never exceeded twenty-four, and with only a monthly meeting in rotation (at the members' own homes), this little Club raised the neat sum of nearly seven hundred dollars.

When peace once more spread her wings over our beloved land the Club decided to continue the good work as a "Home Mission." Upon the death of its honored Founder it was decided to keep the Club an active factor in charitable work at home in loving memory of Mr. Dantzer as long as it should hold together as a club.—*Mt. Airy World*.

AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS.

As was stated in a previous editorial, it is advisable to institute a campaign of education about the abilities of the deaf.

Almost all hearing people unreasonably believe that the sense of hearing is necessary for safety and security in driving automobiles.

It has previously been shown that the sense of hearing plays no part in properly operating an automobile. Some times, indeed, hearing has proved a faulty sense and one that invites calamity.

Here is one instance that corroborates the foregoing assertion:—

During the centennial celebration at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf, a great many deaf-mutes attended it, traveling by automobiles. One party made up of deaf-mutes including the driver, was accosted by a hearing driver and asked directions to a certain town.

The deaf-mute driver wrote that he was on his way to the same place, and told the other driver to follow him. The driver was somewhat nervous about following a party who could not hear, but having no alternative he did so. In the course of an hour or so they came to a

railroad crossing. The deaf driver stopped, and looked both down and up the track. The hearing driver said that there was no train coming, as he had listened, but did not hear one. He motioned the deaf-mute to go ahead, and started to pass and cross the tracks. The deaf-mute signalled him to stop. And just then a railroad train went roaring by.

The hearing driver was profuse in his apologies and gratitude, because had he relied upon his sense of hearing, he would undoubtedly have been killed.

This only shows that the sense of hearing in driving automobiles is unreliable. The alert eyes are entirely dependable and the sole guarantee of safety.

And the deaf have alert eyes. In losing a limb by amputation, it is an established fact that the other limb becomes stronger and more useful. So with those who have lost a sense. The senses remaining become more acute. The blind can almost see through their finger tips. The eyes of the deaf, being their sole reliance, see and note everything. The hearing driver places too much importance upon the sense of audition, which shares with recklessness and disregard of traffic rules the responsibility for so many accidents and fatalities.—*Deaf Mutes' Journal*.

THE EDUCATION OF CUBAN RICHARDS.

Miss Cuban Richards is not a Cuban. She is a young deaf-mute Indian lady of about twenty-four. Her home is in the Ute Indian reservation at Ignacio, in south-western Colorado.

She became a pupil in the Colorado School at about eighteen. The only language she knew was the natural gesture language employed with variations among all our Indian tribes. She was manifestly too old to be placed in an oral class, so she was put in a manual class taught by Mrs. Veditz.

The best thing about Cuban was her disposition. She was pleasant, she was obliging, she was docile. She liked her fellow pupils and they liked her. She was a good Indian. Though deaf she had the stealthy, noiseless tread of her kind, and more than once her teacher, while conversing with some hearing member of the faculty, would see the latter start and quickly turn her head. It was Cuban's stealthy tread that had suddenly given warning and made the hearer start with a shiver of apprehension.

But Cuban did her level best, and more still, to learn whatever the handicap of eighteen and increasing years would let her. She learned to write. Could compose a passable journal account of her day's experiences. Could figure a little. The Reservation kept her well supplied with spending money and whatever was needed in the way of plain, serviceable clothing. When vacation came she was as anxious as any other pupil to go home. Home was as much to her as it was to any of the rest. Her parents were there, her brothers, her sisters, her horse, her cat, her chickens, her dog, the thousand and one things that make home.

She attended school for three years. Then the legal age limit intervened. Cuban's mental measure was also full. A pint will not hold a quart, but this pint was brim full. The writer has a notion

that, measure for measure, Cuban is the best educated Indian on her Reservation. Letters come to her former teacher every once in a while. Sometimes Cuban writes the whole of them. Sometimes her brothers, one or more takes a hand. Sometimes Chief Richards offers a suggestion. The English thereof might provoke a smile, but the friendly spirit is always there, and that is the soul of any letter, however composed or written.

These letters are regularly answered in words of one syllable.

Last summer the principal of the Colorado School, Mr. A. L. Brown, visited the region around San Ignacio in search of new pupils for the School. He called at the Reservation and on the agent in charge. Did he know a deaf-mute Indian girl by the name of Cuban Richards? Of course, he did. The agent then pointed out the domicile of the Richards family and said it was the largest and best kept on the Reservation. He said that the Richards household was the cleanest in the whole community, and that they had adopted white man's way in table manners, in the use of a broom, in the consumption of soap, in clean bedding, in proper cooking, in careful habits of dress, more thoroughly than any other family in town. It all began, he said, with the return of Cuban from school for her first vacation. And since she had left school this influence instead of diminishing was increasing until it included the entire community. The agent expressed the opinion that it would be well for the Reservation if every household had a deaf and dumb Indian girl among its members.

In this particular case the State of Colorado's received the fullest possible returns for the money invested in the education of this Indian girl. Not only have her latent capacities been developed to the utmost, but she is serving as an influence for the very best not only in her but among her neighbors and friends, even though she cannot utter a single intelligent word.—George Wm. Veditz, in *Jewish Deaf*.

Linotype operating long has been recognized as an excellent field of activity for the deaf. Many deaf people have taken up work at the keyboard with entirely satisfactory results. A considerable number of such operators are holding down good positions today, and a lot more are serving their apprenticeship at the keyboard.

In the neighborhood of fifty schools for the deaf in North America are teaching linotype operating, and various other public and private institutions are offering the deaf the opportunity to become workers on the linotype.

To hundreds of deaf people annually the linotype offers a way—a chance for considerable success.

In the plant of the *News*, Montgomery, W. Va., a Model 14 Linotype is being operated in a highly satisfactory way by Homer P. Flaherty, a deaf-mute.

But, for that matter, Flaherty, who is fifty-two years old, has been operating linotypes that way for the last twenty-one years.

"I first learned the Junior linotypes," says Flaherty, "then others; but I like the new one best of all."

Abraham Richman, forty-five years old, a deaf-mute, has been operating linotypes for twenty-five years, and for the last nineteen years for *The Tribune*, Altoona, Pa.

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Richman was born in Russian Poland. When five years of age he came to America with his parents. Being deaf, he was educated at the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, in Philadelphia. When the linotype was installed there (it being the first school for the deaf to give pupils an opportunity to learn to operate), he returned for a post graduate course in linotyping.

For four years he worked on the Commercial Gazette (later the Gazette-Times) of Pittsburgh, then for the Gazette and Bulletin of Williamsport, the Mirror of Altoona, and, for the last nineteen years, for the Altoona Tribune. For the last nineteen years, he has set all the six point stock reports, market quotations, sport matter and classified ads for the Tribune.

He has helped eight other deaf-mutes to become operators, for he believes linotype operating to be the best and most lucrative trade for them.

Richman is married, and has two sons and a daughter. He owns the property which he occupies.

But these are only two of the many specific instances of success on the linotype experienced by deaf people. We shall be glad to publish other stories later.—*The Linotype Bulletin*.

WAS THE BEAR JOKING?

How a mother bear with two cubs scared him: out of a year's growth, and then turned away with a broad grin on her fang-lined mouth was told by Mr. Anderson in a talk to the members of the Literary Society at a recent meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were in Yellowstone Park during their summer vacation. Near Old Faithful Camp they watched the bears gather at the garbage dump in the evenings, nosing choice morsels out of the tin cans and refuse from the hotel tables. They went over one morning, and followed some people to a spot in the woods at some distance from the dump where they found an old bear lying under a tree guarding her twin cubs which played about in the branches overhead. Mrs. Anderson was very anxious

to get a picture of the bears, and she urged Mr. Anderson on to diligent effort with their kodak.

As the bears were, it was not possible to secure a picture. They decided to wait a while until the other people became tired of looking at the bears and had departed, reasoning that then the mother would feel free to call her cubs down and move along, possibly into a position more favorable to the camera man.

This reasoning proved correct, for soon the other people departed leaving the two alone with the bears. As they remained quiet, soon the mother bear arose, sniffed around a while, then called her children to come down. This they did, by dint of a great deal of interference with each other. The bears then moved off deeper into the shadows, and while they struck many beautiful poses any one of which would have been worth a fortune as a wild animal picture, the light was too poor for a snap shot. Meanwhile, they penetrated deeper and deeper into the woods, and Mr. Anderson drifted farther and farther from civilization with no other protection than a kodak and a hickory cane. The mother bear's apparent indifference to his presence led him to feel there was no danger.

The bears worked down the bank of a broad but shallow stream, and soon they occupied a position with the intrepid photographer between them and the water. All at once the apparent indifference of the old bear disappeared. Rising tall and menacing on her hind legs, and spreading her arms about a mile and a quarter apart, baring her yellow fangs and exposing a cavernous red throat, she made a rush for the would-be wild animal photographer.

No, do not draw the curtain. Leave it aside so you can see what happened. Of course there was only one thing to do, and Mr. Anderson did that with all possible dispatch. The shortest distance between the two most vital points chanced to lie in the direction of the water, and through this broad, wet and enveloping element our hero plunged. No one was present with a stop watch, so track enthusiasts are deprived of valuable data. However, in due time the photographer gained the farther shore, and preparatory to giving her more gas looked back to estimate the margin of safety.

To his surprise, not to say chagrin, the old bear's fearsome pose had given way to one of quiet amusement. Plainly

having accomplished her purpose, she had turned back to her cubs, a broad grin showing on her crafty old face.
—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

DEAF OF NATION ASK RIGHT TO DRIVE CARS

A nation-wide campaign against the enactment of legislation or the further promulgation of rules denying to deaf persons the license to operate motor cars has been launched by the National Association of the Deaf, which also will seek to have modified all existing laws and regulations which are considered discriminatory. Although the laws of New York State and the interpretation of them by the State Motor Vehicle Commissioner are perhaps the most liberal in this respect of any state, the campaign will be taken up actively from New York City, for relief is needed in some of the neighboring States, according to leaders in the movement.

Announcement of the appointment of a "traffic bureau" by the officers of the National Association is made in the current issue of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, which is published at the New York Institution for the Education of the Deaf at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue. The members of the bureau are W. W. Beadell, of New Jersey, chief; the Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Pennsylvania; C. G. Imson, of Ohio, C. C. Codman, of Illinois and Waldo H. Rother, of California.

In an editorial accompanying the announcement of the campaign, Edwin A. Hodgson, who has been editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* for forty-five years and always a leader in movements in behalf of the deaf, says, in part:

"The deaf are threatened in various States with laws or ordinances which will prevent them from driving automobiles. This is not because people are arrayed against the rights of the deaf, but because they want to insure public safety and they think deafness is a menace. They do not stop to consider that hearing has no part in the functions of safe driving.

The Present Situation Set Forth.

"The protests of those who have been refused licenses have echoed throughout the United States, for there are many States where the law precludes licensing deaf men, and many other States where the authority to drive a car depends upon the decision of a single individual or commissioner.

"The individual usually plays safe. He can give a license or refuse one, at his discretion. If he gives one, and an accident occurs in which the deaf driver is involved, although the hearing driver is really at fault, he is censured for having issued a license to a deaf man. To avoid this contingency the deaf man is usually refused, even though he can pass all other tests of efficiency except hearing.

"The public should be educated about the deaf—their capabilities, responsibilities, and the true extent of the limitations which deafness imposes. Physical defects, such as a nervous temperament or tendency to recklessness, should be a bar to the issuance of a license, whether the applicant be deaf or hearing. Deafness alone should not be a bar.

"When one seriously and soberly con-

siders the matter, hearing plays a very unimportant part in the rules of the road or in warnings to automobile drivers. All warnings, cautionary signals and traffic directions are addressed to the eye. The eye of the deaf person has been trained to notice things that would be unseen or unheeded by a person who hears. The average hearing driver places too much importance upon the auditory sense, and the vision is relegated unconsciously to minor place.

"In closed cars the hearing sense is hampered. Sound does not reach the driver's shut-in position with clearness. The noise of his own engine, combined with that of other traffic and talk, adds to the confusion and inability of perception through the ear, whereas the keen and observant eye of the deaf takes in everything calmly and without panic induced by confusing sounds.

Case of New Yorker Cited.

"With a mirror properly placed, the deaf driver can see what is behind him. It does not require hearing to see the semaphore or 'silent watchman,' or to note the painted ribbon of white which marks and bisects our boulevards and park driveways. The deaf are extremely sensitive to vibrations. They know at once if anything is wrong with their car, such as a faulty engine or flat tire or uneven pressure of brakes."

Mr. Hodgson then tells of a deaf-mute, Jacob Sharlin, who drives all over New York City every week day, taking orders for and making deliveries of goods. He has operated an automobile under license for eight years, and "although driving in the most congested streets on earth, in all kinds of weather, he has never had an accident."

"This is only one instance of the competence, ability and carefulness of the deaf." Mr. Hodgson concludes: "No doubt such instances might be multiplied. But enough has been said to prove that any Commissioner who denies the deaf the right to drive an automobile solely because of lack of hearing is laboring under a gross misapprehension and is doing them a rank injustice."

New York is one of the most liberal States in the Union as regards the licensing of deaf drivers. In a letter sent recently to Fred J. Graft, the District Director at Utica, Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harnett gave permission to waive a ruling which he had made when he first took office, namely, that a deaf driver must be accompanied by another person of good sight and hearing.

In New Jersey a special effort will be made to have the rule barring deaf drivers modified. In Maryland the Automobile Commissioner has steadfastly refused to issue licenses to the deaf. A determined effort will be made to change this attitude, the association announces. In Illinois the fight for relief will be taken before the Legislature. The President of the association, A. L. Roberts, lives in Chicago, and will direct the campaign there.

Among other States in which relief will be sought from rules which the deaf consider unfair are Pennsylvania, Ohio and California.—*New York Times*, Nov. 9, 1924.

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Reuben C. Stephenson Dead



REUBEN CRANDAL STEPHENSON

Reuben C. Stephenson passed away at a hospital in Trenton, N. J., on Monday, December 1st, at 9:30 o'clock in the evening. He is survived by his wife, Josephine and three daughters, Mrs. Josephine Poole, Miss Marjorie and Dorothy Stephenson.

The funeral services were held at the mortuary chapel of Coleman, Bray and Lawrence at 8:30, Thursday evening, and the following day the remains were conveyed by motor hearse to his last resting place in South Dennis, N. J., the place of his birth.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Samuel P. Steinmetz, rector of St. Michael's P. E. church, assisted by Rev. Charles H. Elder. About fifty deaf and hearing friends and relatives of the deceased were present.

Floral offerings were received from: Family, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Stratton, classmates of Dorothy, Mr. Charles O'Reilly and Dobbins, Thomas and Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. John Hackenberger, employes New Jersey State Highway department, friends of St. Michael's church and friends from New Jersey School for the Deaf, H. F. Pierson and family, Hattie Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Leavitt, Mrs. C. C. White of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Backes, Miss Laura Kafer, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Stephenson.

Mr. Stephenson was 56 years old at the time of his death, and up to about two months ago was in the employ of the State Highway Department in Trenton.

During his confinement at the hospital he was visited frequently by his Trenton deaf friends who made every effort to cheer him up.

He was a member of the Newark Division No. 42, N. F. S. D. which was represented at the funeral by Fred King, of Jersey City, and Mr. John H. Ward with Mrs. Ward, of Newark.

Years ago Mr. Stephenson distinguished himself as a professional baseball player. Of powerful build, he stood over six feet and weighed over two hundred pounds. At the time of his death he weighed scarcely a hundred and was but a shadow of his former self.

The deceased was always interested in the affairs of the deaf and served the State Association two terms as its president. He was married to Josephine Hatterley, daughter of a prominent piano dealer, who bore him three fine hearing and speaking girls.

There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts in God.

—Bulwer Lytton.

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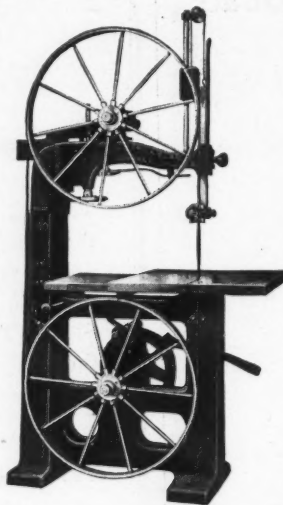
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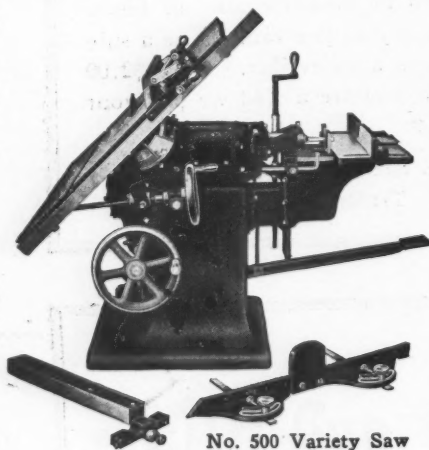
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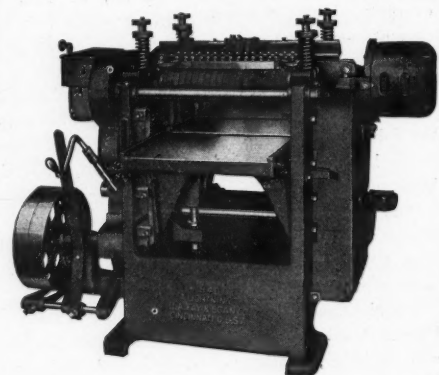
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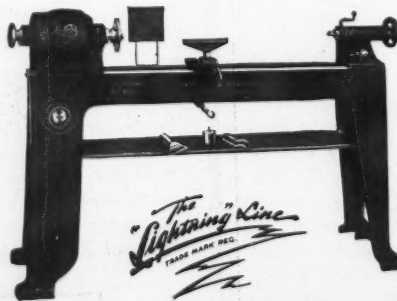
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